

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1852.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.

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BY THE EDITOR.  
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HAVING, in a previous article, in as few and fit words as I could, laid open the inner workings of nature, while in the process of forming the great world we live in, and having arrived, as I thought, to the undeniable and unanswerable conclusion, that the general scheme of society must ever remain what it is, because it *grows* directly and necessarily out of our own mental and physical constitution, I pass on, in the second place, to inquire into the evils connected with it.

But it may be said, and probably will be said, that a system coming so immediately from nature, so directly from the hand of God, can have no evils. "Look," says the objector—"look through the wide universe. Where is there an object, made by the Creator, which is not every thing it should be? Behold the spire of grass, the flower blooming in the field, the gem fastened to an ocean rock—yes, the hidden things of creation, which the light of day is never to illumine, which the eye of man is never to admire—the coral reef, the wild violet of the wood, the unfound pearl buried in the unsearchable depths of ocean sands—how perfect, how peerless are they all!" Indeed, this is very true; and if man were a mere physical being, a tuft of moss, or a pebble by the sea, or a stream winding down a vale, or a meteor flashing through the air, his life, his action, his destiny, would be as fixed, as finished, as complete as that of any object existing in the world. But man, reader, is not a mere physical existence. He is neither a meteor, nor a comet, nor a star. He is not a vegetable of any kind, from the tulip to the tree. Nor is he a serpent, nor a fish, nor a bird, nor a mere animal of any race. Man is an order of being by himself. Between two worlds he stands, touching both, but the property of neither. Nay, he is not property at all, except as all things are the handiwork of God. He is man, and man is free. He is as free to abuse, as to obey, his own instincts, his reason, and his moral powers. His power over himself, however, is not in every sense complete; for, though

he can pervert, he can by no means preclude, the laws of his being. Like a drunken man forced homeward by his friend, he may stagger along the path of his existence, though he can not cease to go.

From every relation between man and man, there grows up a duty, and, considering the mind's freedom, the possibility of a sin. From every passion of our nature, as it is governed by reason and conscience, or left without control, there may come a virtue, or a vice. That these vices, however, are not the *natural* fruit of society, or of the social passions, it is essential to my argument to show.

There, for example, is self-love, given us for the purposes of self-protection, without which no man would take the pains necessary to preserve his being, or to promote his welfare, or to improve his character and condition in any way. Can we find any fault with it? Can we arraign it for impelling us to seek the company of our fellow-beings, in order to the greater security of our persons, the fuller employment of our faculties, and the attainment of a higher good? Yet, when carried to excess, beyond the designs of nature, beyond reason, beyond the sanction of conscience, it becomes selfishness, a fountain deep and full of evil, whose black streams imbitter all the joys of life.

What purer passion, also, than that which draws two loving, trusting, buoyant hearts together? What other hearts have found a joy more innocent, or a more radiant bliss? With what new verdure is the round world clothed! How softly glide along the days! The nights, how beautiful—how calm the moonlit scene—how pure the sky freckled with transparent clouds—how serene, and still, and sacred to them the unfrequented shade! Nay, the rougher shapes of nature are smoothed and leveled down! To them a frowning precipice, or a shaggy wood, or a desert heath, is a grassy hillock, a Hesperian grove, or a Tempean vale. Poverty itself gives only the greater romance to their visions; sickness but opens the deeper well-springs of their unfathomed love; difficulties arm their affection with a more resistless energy; and all pain is pleasure, while innocence maintains its sway. But, now, let reason give up her reign—let conscience

foraake its hold—let one impure desire get echo—let one false step be taken—and all is lost! The vision passes, the pageant fades; and there is nothing left but anguish of spirit and a wide waste of blighted and untasted joys!

Look you in, also, upon the family circle, which centers at that quiet hearth. The fire—how cheerfully does it blaze; the swept stone—what token of universal cleanliness and comfort; the clean-clad table, with its furniture so tastefully laid out—how emblematic of a happy life; and then, those half-furtive but all-lawful glances, between the youthful master and mistress of this house, and the sweet smiles continually caught at each other's eyes and forever playing from each other's lips—O, what flashes of that inward feeling, of that unsullied love, which spreads for them over the earth and heavens an unmeasured bliss! 'The younger faces, too, which Heaven has kindly given to receive and reflect the rays of parental happiness, are radiant with it as their days glide on. Bend down, ye angels, and view this living rapture, welling up like overflowing springs, whose waters mingle as they flow! Guard, ye ministering spirits—guard those fountains well! Keep, O keep, the hearts of that happy pair, and of those dear ones trusted to their love! One straying look—one truant purpose—one overt act—and the charm is forever gone! Jealousy, anger, hatred, revenge lead on to poverty, misery, ruin, death; and, when the last family tie is broken, when parental, filial, and fraternal love is gone, when the season of domestic suffering is full, that miserable pair lie down in a grave of tears, either carrying their children with them, or leaving them to struggle for existence in a cold world newly cursed for a father's or a mother's sin. Yes, from that sorrowing grave we have this testimony, that it was the transgression, and not the observance, of the great family law, of the domestic loves, which blasted the buds and flowers of this blooming scene.

There, also, is the quiet, social, happy neighborhood. Each individual family not only lives in perfect harmony within itself, but is bound to every other family by long acquaintance, familiar intercourse, and unfeigned friendship, all of which bonds are made doubly strong by numerous interconnections of blood and marriage. Their houses are no longer castles, as the English Constitution makes the residence of a subject, shutting in their inmates from any outward liberty, and cutting off their neighbors from the most easy and confidential intercourse. They are the homes of loving hearts, where friends in fellowship often meet, and chase the flying hours with quaint stories, or quick jokes, or the music of a song, or recollections of by-gone years. There is not a field, lying between two cottages, where the winding paths, well-beaten, do not tell tales on the frequency of social visitings; not a tree, be it ever so lonely on the adjacent landscape, where the circles round it, on which no grass grows, hint not of midday converse or moonlight cheerful-

ness; not a bubbling spring, or a gray old well, whose hanging cup, or moss-covered bucket, could not become historical of socialities as pure and refreshing as their own transparent waters. There, too, is the village school-house, with its ample green, on whose verdant sward, as on a mother's lap, the ungrown inhabitants daily gambol, when their tasks are done. And there, not far away, nor quite concealed by the bloom and beauty round it, stands the village church, within whose sacred walls the voice of pure religion speaks approvingly to consciences so free from guile and evil. Behind that house of prayer, beneath the boughs of the weeping willows, the loved and the lost are lying, on whose cherished graves the tears of memory are often falling. Over all the scene, from morn till eve, a common sun pours a mellow radiance; and, at night, clad in her fleecy robes, and crowned with a wreath of light,

"The moon takes up the wondrous tale,"

and gossips of a heaven below to her attendant stars; and the stars themselves, from the zenith to the poles, shed their selectest influences on a group of families, so united, so trusting, so radiant with every earthly joy. Ay, ye heavenly watchers, be vigilant of your charge; for the hour is coming, and now is, when the beasts of prey shall break in upon this peaceful fold—when avarice, with her open throat and iron hand—when lust, with her wicked heart and watery eye—when revenge, with clinched fist and scowling brows—when jealousy, green-eyed, with suspicious step and peering look—when envy, that sinks as others soar, with a wan visage and a wasting cheek—when all this haggard band, with discord and ruin in their train, shall burst in and rend and ravage all around. But who will not say, when their foul work is done, that it was the lawful exercise of the passions, acting in obedience to reason and conscience, which wrought out this social happiness, and that it was the transgression of the dictates of the rational and moral principles, by those same passions left without restraint, which effected the fearful change? Within their just limits, they were pure, and reasonable, and right; and, like every other good, they became sinful and ruinous, only when carried to excess.

Nor is there any thing, it seems to me, constitutionally and essentially sinful in the organization of a state. It grows up from necessity, in obedience to our social passions, which, as in every other case, are to be governed by reason and conscience. The different parts of it are connected by contiguity of position, by a unity of interests, by great natural boundaries and landmarks, by a common language, by marriage ties between many of its families, by a national blood, and by the imperious necessity of having a general code of laws, under whose sway the complex affairs of the people may move on in harmony. For such a people, the combined reason of all is the legislator, and the general conscience is the judge; while the

aggregate will of the nation, guided and guarded by its intellect and moral sense, is the enlightened and virtuous executive of the laws. In a nation thus constituted, where the social feelings have full scope, so far as they can exert themselves rationally and right, without the slightest modifications of their tendencies or results, men will live as they were made to live, in the satisfaction of all their natural powers, in peace and prosperity, and in the full enjoyment of social life. But now, let one, great, national sin take possession of that people. Let self-love, in that nation, become selfishness; or sexual love pass over into lust; or paternal love, with the other domestic affections, be changed to family pride and bigotry; or friendship go on to provincialism and aristocracy; or patriotism reach the madness of feeling and acting unjustly and oppressively toward other countries; or humanity itself, that sublimest of all the affections, so set its heart on man, as to aggrandize him beyond his real character, elevating his pride to a contradiction of God's claims upon him; let reason and right, in a word, be renounced, as the conservative principles of society, and the state tends rapidly and fearfully to ruin. Unmanned and unnerved by luxury, it may be swept as bare as the rocks of Tyre, or the sand-heaps of Siden. Sprung by a vaulting ambition, that

"O'erleaps itself,"

like Athens, it may rise and dazzle for a moment, to be obscured forever. Goaded by the love of conquest to injustice, and war, and cruelty, like Rome it may govern the world for a season, then lie down itself beneath the most severe, and dreadful, and ignominious oppression.

I write not, indeed, to palliate the evils of society. With Plato, I am ready to look upon man, even in his best estate, as the inhabitant of a vast cave, with his back to the mouth of it, groping his way along in pursuit of the shadows, projected from without, that flit on the rocky wall before him. With the material philosophers, I am willing to confess, that we are all of us living contrary to nature, out of harmony with the universe, having waged a war against the laws of our being, thus turning continually the tide of battle on ourselves. With the modern Socialists, St. Simon, Fourier, and Owen, together with Cabet, Considerant, and Enfantin, I am prepared to charge powerfully against many of the artificial arrangements of society, against war, against slavery, against domestic selfishness and general oppression. The boldest and blackest pictures of social misery and crime, drawn by Louis Blanc himself, shall receive my hearty commendation. Society is, beyond all contradiction, in a most terrible condition. The great majority of men are seeking their own ends irrespective of all other men. Heads of families are striving to amass wealth, by the most dishonest means, to spend in luxury, or to hoard in idle heaps. Husbands and wives, to an alarming extent, either go willingly to sin, or have fixed prices on them-

selves. Young men, and the other sex too, in our great cities especially, are standing on the brink of virtue, from which thousands are nightly tumbling down. Neighborhoods are rent by discord; towns are overwhelmed with drunkenness and riots; the whole country is filled with the rumor of thefts, and robberies, and murders. Such is the general corruption, no one knows how far he may trust his neighbors, or his kin. Our houses are unsafe at night; and our purses are picked in the light of day. If you buy, you expect to be deceived; if you sell, you are afraid to give credit even to a friend. Trade, in fact, to an alarming extent, has become a science of low fraud; and our youth, of both sexes, are educated in it, to turn their backs on the moral law. The watchmen, who are set to keep our cities, take advantage of our confidence, breaking into our premises, and spoiling us of our goods. Magistrates and judges, pushed by the general impulse, in haste to get rich too, are blind indeed to every object but their gain. Ministers, the representatives of virtue and religion, are often the most licentious and irreligious men we have. The rich, with more money than they know how to spend, bestow grudgingly and meanly upon public and useful enterprises, which are supported, in a great measure, by the poor. The poor, witnessing this contemptible parsimony, conceive an antipathy toward the rich, which unsettles the harmony and peace of political and social life. The employers, combining together, crowd down the price of labor to the lowest point at which a man can live; the laborers, though justly indignant at such a course, run a fierce and destructive competition with each other, which sends thousands of them to starvation and the grave. The unemployed, wandering over the land in search of business, spend the last of their earnings, and then beg. But begging, in many countries, is a crime, punishable by the state; and the offender, in default of a fine, is thrown into prison for asking at the door of luxury for a piece of bread. When he gets out of prison, he joins a band of burglars, or robbers, or banditti, leaving, it may be, a helpless family behind. His sons, if they are old enough, follow his course, and meet with a similar fate; and his wife and daughters, punished for idleness when they can obtain no work, taken up as vagrants if they go to seek it, to save themselves from imminent starvation, offer their virtue to the highest bidder, and thus sink into eternal ruin. And, reader, what is worse than all the rest, those very men elected to high and holy trusts, as the law-makers of their respective countries, who are expected to do every thing in their power to remedy these frightful evils, are frequently, nay too characteristically, the most lawless, and corrupt, and dangerous members of society. Living on the public money, they will even add to our distresses, by stirring up any senseless popular broils that may bring themselves into notice; and they will wage wars, and plunge their countries into debt, and

thus doubly oppress the laboring and the starving poor, for party or personal success. God of our fathers! happy for all nations that thy bow of promise still spans the clouds! Thrice happy, if the earth quake not, nor send us, as thy next and concluding judgment, a flood of devouring fire!

#### FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH AN INVALID.

BY MRS. SUSAN W. JEWETT.

"How welcome is the friend who brings to us great thoughts! I have been quite happy to-day, for no other reason than that my mind has been lifted up, and out of my own sufferings, by the help of one stronger than I, who did for me what I was unable to do for myself."

"That is right," replied Lucille. "It is well that there are some strong-minded people who, guided by kind and sympathizing hearts, become helpers of suffering humanity. But would it not have as good an effect upon you, if, instead of waiting to be ministered to, you were to try and minister to others? Suppose you make the effort now, as you seem a little desponding, and try to elevate me."

"All can not be teachers and apostles," replied Grace. "Some of us must be contented to serve as beacons. And yet—"

"And yet what?" asked Lucille.

"How difficult, how impossible it is," replied Grace, sadly, "'to keep those heights which the soul is competent to gain!'" So Wordsworth said, and so many a poor mortal must have felt, whose spirit was borne down to earth by these chains of mortality. But once to gain a vantage-ground, to catch a glimpse of the promised land, to bask in a clearer light, to drink inspiration from the fountain of all wisdom, only makes our fall to earth more dreadful."

"What a pity it is, then, that these soul-inspiring, life-invigorating friends can not be forever near us!" said Lucille.

"It is not so designed," replied Grace; "because, in that case, we should never learn to stand alone. Our strength should come from *within*, not without; and even sympathy, sweet as it is, we are not capable of appreciating, till we have learned to do without it."

"I suppose you are right," said Lucille; "because you are older, and ought to be wiser than I. But upon what height of contemplation did your friend leave you? It is not fair that you alone should be the gainer by these angel visits. Although I confess the common earth is a very comfortable as well as safe place for me, I have no objection to try a short aerial voyage with you. I wonder how this busy, work-day world would appear seen from such an elevation."

"You recollect," said Grace, smiling, "what P.

once said to me, when I asked him what good imagination could do me. I remember his reply, word for word. 'It may answer the same purpose,' said he, 'as the wings of the schemer in Rasselas. He attempted to fly, and they let him down into the water. When there he found that his feathers, though they would not bear him up in the air, kept him from sinking, and were not useless, although they did not answer the purpose he desired.' Alas for me! my wings, heavy with the earth-damps that cling to them, can not even keep me from sinking deep down into the sea of despondency. The examples of the great and good alone keep me from drowning. Dwelling on these 'I take heart again.'"

"Long live those who can bring great and high thoughts to such weak mortals as need them!" exclaimed Lucille. "Perhaps I am too satisfied with life as I find it, and with my poor, humble self as I am. It is my temperament. We can not help our temperament. We are not to blame for being too happy. I am not obliged to soar so high to feel the love of my Father in heaven. I see it all around me—in this beautiful earth, these kind friends, these simple pleasures. There must be just such commonplace sort of people—contented people like me are, after all, rather commonplace—to fill up some gaps, and preserve the equilibrium of the universe."

"Dear Lucille, such happiness and contentment as yours are my admiration," replied Grace. "I do not envy you, but you do me good constantly, because in your healthy and happy soul I see a constant manifestation of God's love. It is true, we are unlike. We have each our mission. Happiness must come to us in different ways; but, if we are faithful to our own natures, we shall attain it. Happiness brings us near to God. It elevates us to the sphere of the angels. Sorrow is the exception, not the rule of our being; and this we shall see more clearly when we shake off these chains, and look at life in its vastness, from the shore of eternity, instead of this narrow belt of time. Even in looking back upon griefs that are past, how slight they seem, compared with their overpowering weight when present! And even then, if we had known ourselves, we should have known it was not the sorrow, or the disappointment, or the anxiety alone that weighed us down; but the sudden eclipse of light, which is as needful to the growth of the soul as the sunshine is to the growth of the flowers. One being we love is taken from us. Is the earth then for us desolate? One cherished hope has come to naught. Is there, then, nothing left to hope for? No, it is not this, that we have lost *all*, and that life is hopeless; but we are conscious of a great capacity within us, which is chained down and useless. The capacity for happiness in our nature is undeveloped. We must throw off the weight, and rise to the sphere for which we were born."

"How we wrong ourselves by sorrow and sighing!" replied Lucille. "I have not much to answer



for on that score as yet, no thanks to my virtue, which has never yet been put to the test. But there is such an indomitable will within me to enjoy what comes along, that even grim Disappointment, frown he ever so desperately, would find it hard to vanquish it."

"You speak," replied Grace, sadly, "like one who has had no bitter experience of life, no conflict with his own nature. Long may you be spared the test of your faith and your virtue! No praise is due to you for being happy; you could not be otherwise. We do not say of that merry brook yonder, which I can see dancing in the sunshine, and which I know danced as blithely as now before the eyes of our great grandmother, how strange that it should so exult in its eternal youth and gladness! But let that huge, unsightly rock be thrown so as to obstruct its current, and see what a change would ensue; or let a mountain intercept its progress, and what then?"

"Why, one of two things would happen," said Lucille. "Either it would turn pleasantly and cheerfully to find a passage round it, through green and pleasant valleys; or else furiously beat against its prison wall, and struggle to force a passage through, and thereby fret and foam, and, if not aided by some convulsive effort of nature, be forced back after all. Now, I am not made for conflict, and should probably yield more readily than you to a law I could not resist; but acquiescence is, after all, what we must come to before we have learned by heart the secret of happiness. If God thwart us in our preconceived plans of enjoyment, it is for some wise purpose, and we only make the matter worse by resistance. Better yield at once; and the more cheerfully we yield the better for us in the end."

"It is easy for you to say this, because, as you confess, you have never been tried. I do not say put yourself in my place, because I consider *mine* the most unfortunate of conditions, but because we can all speak more conclusively from our own experience; and it is very hard, amidst the depressing influences of long-continued ill-health, to nourish the mind on cheerful thoughts and high aspirations. I can see, as well as you, how many are worse off than myself, who have yet attained to the sublimest resignation, and whose inward faith seemed to increase in proportion as their outward blessings were withdrawn. But I take my own example, because I conceive it to be the severest feature in my present discipline, that the nature of my physical complaint has so strong an effect upon my mental constitution, that though I long for life, and strive for it, and pray for it, the very effort to attain it only serves to make the darkness more visible. O, this mystery of life!"

"Yes, it is a mystery; therefore, why puzzle your poor brain about it, as if it were necessary that you should solve it all at once? It reminds me of that tangled skein we attempted to wind yesterday. You, with the earnestness which is

characteristic of your nature, tried to find a clue to unravel it instantly, but in vain; while I, with my practical and matter-of-fact coolness, followed the single thread in and out, wherever it led me, and thus succeeded at last in finding my way through. Now, in fact, this is the only way to do, after all, with the tangled thread of human life. You must follow in and out, through the intricate windings, till you come to the end. There is no use in jerking and twitching—it only makes the snarl worse; neither is it worth while to try and look through it, for that is discouraging; or to break off and try another thread, as one is tempted to do who is overhasty. By and by, if we are patient, it will run smooth. There are very few skeins which can not be disentangled with patience. And now let us go back to the ground from which we first started: 'A blessing on those who give us great thoughts,' and rouse us above our trials! What great thought did your friend leave with you to call forth so fervent a blessing? Let me come in for a share; I may need it by and by, for, if they tell us truly who are wise by experience, the dark days must come to each one of us, and I would be prepared for them."

"I doubt if that can be," replied Grace. "We must feel our weakness before we can realize our need of help. Let me read you these few lines; they were translated from the German by my friend: 'Hast thou overlived it—the heavy hand of that gigantic misery laid stunningly, stroke after stroke, upon thine head, till thou hast shuddered at the desolation of thine own bosom, empty of joy, of consolation, of hope; thy loved ones all in the grave; thy grief longing in vain for tears; and in the whole wide world remaining to thee *nothing—nothing*; and yet in this nothing lies already slumbering thine all? From nothing did God create the world. So must the spirit create, calling its worlds, from nothing. Ere the diamond of the depth can show forth its radiant beauty, thy heart the rock must crash to its very center.' This is not all, but is it not enough? Carry out this thought—what a volume of wisdom it comprehends within it! What hope! what encouragement to those who have lived to see in the whole wide world remaining to them *nothing*! Then again the earth becomes chaos. Darkness is upon the deep; but through this darkness breaks a ray, feeble and faint at first, but toward it the sinking soul turns as to the dawn of a new hope. The Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters; the mist arises, and is quenched by the steady light of eternal truth. Then, for the first time, in our *Creator* we recognize our *Redeemer*, our *Savior*."

"One could almost wish to suffer to feel the power of such truth," added Lucille, thoughtfully. "But how then can I understand your first assertion—We are born for happiness? Do you not contradict yourself, and make the heaviest discipline prove the greatest happiness?"

"No, I did not contradict myself. Only when we have been taught by suffering do we know what true happiness is. Then only do we find it is not in our own pleasure, or in the qualification we owe our selfish will, that we find our highest joy; but in making our own will in harmony with God's will, we become partakers of his joy."

### THE SEASONS.

BY FLOMAN.

How full of variety, full of instruction is the changing year! Each season has its own distinctive characteristics, and furnishes us its peculiar moral. Spring has its beauties, summer its glories; but autumn, with its fruits, and winter, with its reign of snows and storms, suggest to the thoughtful moral reflections of grave import. Interesting as appears Nature in her delicate robe of spring, or in her brilliant and flowery costume of summer, yet to most observers she seems still more beautiful in her autumnal shroud. Tinged with colors foreign to their healthy and primeval nature, the leaves, though beautiful still, all betoken decay. Indeed, to the elements of decay they seem to owe the extraordinary beauty of their colors. And it would seem a general rule in nature, that the process of dissolution should develop beauties unseen and loveliness unappreciated during the period of vigor and of growth. Who has not been deeply impressed with the surprising exhibition of strange beauty in the face of the dying and the dead? While looking on the features of the departed, often far more lovely than in life, we can not believe that death has really done its work; we suspect there must be some deception in appearances; we fancy the living spirit must yet animate the beautiful form; we look with anxious expectation for the eyes again to open, for the lips to move, and for the sleeper to arise; we listen for the sweet sound of the voice to fall again, with its familiar tones, on our ear, and for the light footstep to echo again along the hall; but these appearances are only the natural and legitimate results of death. They are only indications of the first stages of decay. The golden-tinted leaf of autumn, though wondrously beautiful, can never again resume the freshness and life of spring, nor may the unearthly loveliness of the youthful dead ever again give place to the bright and rosy hue of health.

Winter is the season of rest. Winter, as well as night, is essential to the development of living forms. Nor man, nor animals, nor vegetables could well attain physical perfection were there no night, no interception of sunlight, no diurnal season of rest. Winter seems less essential than night, yet its influence for good in the economy of nature is marked and efficient. Though in a tropical zone

vegetation may luxuriantly thrive, yet the demand for periods of rest, so conveniently furnished in temperate zones by winter, is clearly observed in the habits of every species of plant. The evergreen of the north and of the south equally sheds once a year its old leaves. The principal difference between an evergreen and a deciduous tree is found in the fact, that the evergreen, whether northern or tropical, retains its old clothing of foliage till it has manufactured and put on its new dress, while the deciduous lays aside its garments, and retires for its winter rest, and in spring arises and dresses itself in new robes.

During the resting period of winter the vegetable creation is accumulating resources, and acquiring energy for its summer progress; the buds and sap are maturing. When the allotted period of rest shall have past, and the returning influences of spring shall have penetrated the abode of vegetable life, and awakened the spirit from its sleep, and broken the spell which winter's magic wand had thrown over it, then shall we see the whole vegetable world rushing forward with renewed speed on its career of progressive development. There is a winter in the affairs of men. Periods of doubt, of darkness, of discouragement, of disappointment, and of ill success are often only the natural recurrence of the wintery season, which may prove essential to our success. There often occurs a *winter* season in the history of reform and benevolence. During this season of wintery weather, amidst the blasts and storms, ephemeral enterprises die. But those enterprises founded on the principles of true charity, of pure benevolence, of Christian duty, and demanded by the nature of man, though they may suffer a temporary cessation of visible progress, or even an apparent reverse, will most surely elaborate and mature during the wintery season the elements of success and triumph. The seed of reform, of virtue, of Christian enterprise is endued with immortal life. Long may it be buried in the ground, or covered with rubbish, yet it never loses its vitality. In the revolutions of time it will yet come to the air and the light, when it will thrust deep in the ground its roots, and protrude through the rubbish its stock. You may trample down the plant, but it,

"Crushed to earth, will rise again."

On it may beat the pelting storm, but its power of endurance will prove exhaustless. It may be swayed to and fro by the rude blast of the furious winds, but it will again recover itself, and even acquire firmness in the struggle. The heaving frost may penetrate about its foundations, and attempt to throw it out of its place of lodgment, but its roots strike too deep to be reached during the temperate winter of indifference or the Arctic winter of persecution.

There are periods of winter in human history—periods during which, to superficial observers, the progress of humanity seems retrograde. Such a period was what is usually called the dark ages.

Dark those ages may seem to us, but only because we usually look on the wrong side of them. Dark seems sometimes the moon to us; but while to us, who look on one side, she appears dark, to other beings, who look on the other side, she seems bright and fair. Dark seems the cloud to us, when we look only on its earthward side; but to those on the mountain summit it may appear lighted up in gorgeous reflections.

The dark ages were to human progress what winter is to vegetable development. It was the period of rest, of accumulation of resources, of elaboration of instrumentalities. It was the season of preparation of mightier, of better directed, and of more successful effort than humanity had ever made. To that winter there succeeded a glorious spring, followed by a gorgeous summer, in whose light we of the present age, with appliances and privileges peculiar only to ourselves, are most luxuriously basking.

## THE PROPHECY.

BY PHOEBE CARRY.

No great sea lifts its angry waves  
Between me and the friend most dear,  
And over all our household graves  
The grass has grown for many a year.

With all that makes the heart rejoice,  
The days of summer go and come;  
No feeble step, no failing voice,  
Saddens the chambers of our home.

Yet, though I know, and feel, and see,  
God's blessings all about my way,  
The burden of sad prophecy  
Lies heavy on my soul to-day.

These awful words of destiny  
Are sounding in my heart and brain:  
"Not an unbroken family  
Shall summer find us here again!"

O God! if this indeed be so,  
Whose pillow then shall be unprett?  
Whose heart, that feels life's pleasant glow,  
Shall faint, and beat itself to rest?

Eternal silence makes reply,  
We may not, can not know our doom;  
No voice comes downward from the sky—  
No voice comes upward from the tomb.

Yet this I would not ask in vain:  
Hide from my wretched eyes the day,  
When by our household graves again  
The turf is lightly put away!

First from our home, though all descend  
At last to that one place of rest,  
O, solemn Earth! O, mighty Friend,  
Take me and hide me in thy breast!

## A FATHER IN ISRAEL.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

BESIDE the altar rail there sits,  
Each pleasant Sabbath day,  
An aged man, with wrinkled brow,  
With scattered locks of gray.

His form is bent with many years,  
His eye is blurred and dim;  
Yet precious is the Gospel word,  
The prayer, and sacred hymn.

Manhood is there, and woman fair,  
And youth's sweet joyous smile;  
Yet glad we hear his tottering step  
Along the echoing aisle.

We watch his slow, uncertain course,  
And half unconscious say,  
"A blessing on the hoary head!  
God speed the pilgrim's way!"

A few more faltering steps, and then  
To his freed soul will come  
The bright reality of life,  
Of life beyond the tomb.

How soon among the angel band,  
Free from this cumbrous clay,  
His ransomed spirit will exult  
Through the eternal day!

Another voice will swell the song  
That myriad voices sing,  
The tribute of adoring love  
To God the heavenly King.

The rich and honored ones of earth  
May pass him in their pride,  
Nor heed that death's dark shadow falls  
Already by his side;

But, while he feebly lingers here,  
Be ours the earnest care,  
To listen to his counsel pure,  
To prize his fervent prayer.

## ALONE.

BY MISS E. A. BROOKS.

O, is there not, in this strange world  
Of shadow and sunshine,  
'Mid all its fond and trusting ones,  
A heart attuned to mine?

A heart that beats in sympathy  
With feelings of my own?  
Nay, 'mid the world's vast multitude,  
I'm all alone—alone!

But faint thou not, my wearied soul;  
Though dark thy pathway lies,  
A kindred spirit waits for thee  
Beyond the soft blue skies.

## BERLIN AND THE BERLINERS.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

## SECOND PAPER.

THE capital of Prussia is not only the grand focus of German science and German thought, but Berlin is also decidedly the city of intelligence. It may be boldly asserted, that no city on the continent presents so brilliant a galaxy of cultivated intellect in the fashionable and gay circles as does Berlin. Here it is not enough in the gay world to be merely "*au fait*" at gossip, scandal, the opera, or doings at court; here a mere automaton, decked and drilled according to Chesterfield, can not, in society, ride rough-shod over his superiors in intellect and cultivation; on the contrary, mental worth and real men and women rise to the elevated position that they are qualified to assume, while mere foppery and wealth sink to their natural level.

One of the most agreeable resorts, in private circles, for the stranger in Berlin, is the hospitable mansion of Baron von Raumer, the publicist and historian, who made so favorable an impression in this country some years ago, while on a tour through the United States. On his return he published the result of his observations and reflections, in a sterling work of two volumes, which showed a keen perception of the practical workings and practical results of our institutions very unusual in a German professor. He remembers with pleasure his visit to our shores, and repays all the kindness received among us by welcoming to his saloons every American that is introduced to his notice. An evening with Von Raumer is an enjoyment not to be forgotten. The company assemble at an early hour, and, without the assistance of either music or dancing, groups of familiar and kindred spirits enter into a delightful *conversazione*, which passes with perfect ease and freedom from one subject to another, as chance may direct, till nearly every question of importance would seem to have had its share in the grand review. The University is always represented by a goodly number of the professors, who openly discuss the merits of every new event in the scientific or literary world. The fine arts are nobly represented by Rauch, the greatest living sculptor in Germany, and Wagner, the director of the National Museum of paintings of the old masters. To these may be added a goodly number of officers of the government, who discuss political matters; and officers of the army, who pass in review the merits of military leaders, or treat of the probability of the continent being over-run by the Russians and Cossacks. Etiquette requires all these gentlemen to appear in grand gala, decorated with orders and ribbons from all the sovereigns in Europe, and, indeed, from some out of it, and military men in uniform—all of which enlivens the scene for a stranger, who may read their several histories from the decorations which they bear.

It would seem that these gentlemen cultivate the conversational powers as an art, and many of them do certainly excel in it; these are celebrated for their happy style of expression, and always draw an admiring group around them. But by far the most interesting feature in these *conversazioni* are the ladies that grace the circle. Their accomplishments—solid intellectual accomplishments—are really remarkable. It is enough to say, that they shine in the company of such men, and take an active interest, and not unfrequently a part, in their discussions, without for a moment throwing off the feminine grace of their sex. All of these ladies speak two languages, many of them three, and some even four. French is a matter of course; and English is fast becoming a matter of taste and fashion. About ten o'clock the guests are all invited to be seated at small tables, accommodating about four or five persons each; and the lady-hostess is especially careful to bring together kindred spirits, by placing the name of each visitor at the place selected for him. In this way another delightful hour is spent in adding viands to the subjects already under discussion; and the company separate, after having passed an agreeable and profitable evening.

So much is the English language studied in Berlin, that we found no difficulty in forming among the circle of our personal acquaintance an "English Club," composed of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen, who met in turn, one evening a week, at each other's houses, for social intercourse and amusement. The rules of the club permitted no other language than the English to be spoken; and this, instead of proving a damper on conversation, rendered it the more amusing on account of the many strange speeches, and, at times, ludicrous expressions, that would escape in the vivacity of conversation. But the object—improvement and practice in the language—was attained, and in the most agreeable and effectual way. One cogent reason why foreigners are more successful in the acquisition of our language than we of theirs, is the fact that they never hesitate to use all the words they know, hoping that they may be right, and expecting to be set right if they are not so. In this way they must necessarily make progress. We have known persons to begin an English conversation on what appeared to be a stock of twenty words, and, meager as was their capital, they were sure to lose nothing by it. Americans, on the contrary, too frequently hesitate, and put off the trial till they have learned more, and thus the Rubicon is never crossed. Several of the ladies of this English Club were actually readers of Shakspeare, who is, by no means, always intelligible to the English scholar. In their zeal to understand difficult passages they would frequently rack their brains for hours, and then, in despair, tease their humble servant, till he became a fit emblem of "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief."

It is seldom, indeed, that good things are not



abused, and it would be strange if this extraordinary activity of mind among the fair sex did not sometimes degenerate into abuse. In another circle in Berlin the question of emancipation of women is assuming an importance that has become alarming to the sterner sex, who seem fearful of being robbed of their prerogatives. The celebrated Bettina von Arnim, a lady well known throughout Germany for her intellectual vigor and eccentricity of mind, has made herself very obnoxious to the Court, by addressing to the King open letters, as they are called; that is, letters through the columns of a journal. His Majesty, not admiring a correspondence of this kind, even with the famous Bettina, forbid their publication. She then honored her unwilling correspondent still more by writing a whole book for his edification, and addressing it to him. Many of the hints contained therein were of such a nature that the King ordered all the books to be seized by the police and confiscated; and even went so far as to tell Bettina that if she made any more suggestions to him he would send her away from Berlin to repine in solitude. The lady then began to address the working classes on the means of bettering their condition; and actually assisted them in erecting model lodging-houses, which now bear her name. She then turned her efforts toward her own sex, exhorting them to throw off the chains of thralldom, and declare themselves free; and the result was the formation of associations for the emancipation of women. These were, so far as we know, the only associations of this kind in Germany, and perhaps on the continent, showing how very far Berlin is in advance of all other cities of Germany in intellectual activity.

During the revolutionary excitement of 1848 a number of these societies formed themselves into a "Female Revolutionary Club," held meetings, in which they wore red scarfs as a symbol of their political opinions, and made violent speeches, calculated, in the opinion of his Majesty, to stir up to sedition and rebellion. With returning power the King dissolved them, with the injunction not to organize again at their peril; and ordered the wife of Herwegh, the poet, to leave the capital, on account of the active part which she had taken in these female clubs.

But the oppressed fair sex were determined not to give up the contest after the first defeat. The servant-girls had long considered themselves an ill-treated, downtrodden class, and, in the general fermentation of the revolution, determined to hold a grand indignation meeting, and demand a redress of their grievances. The meeting was large, and men were not admitted, as it was considered they had no business there and no sympathy with the poor girls. Rare speeches were made, and it was finally, Resolved 1st, That they should have coffee in the morning for breakfast—a luxury not hitherto enjoyed by them. Resolved 2d, That they should have soup at dinner, as well as their mistresses. Resolved 3d, That they should be allowed to go to

bed at ten o'clock in the evening, and not be forced to remain up to wait on company. Resolved 4th, That they should have two free evenings in the week and Sunday afternoon. This unique meeting was the subject of much conversation, but of no very important results.

In short, Berlin is the grand city of reform in Germany, and is always trying at least to strike out into a new path. Even Cobden was a lion in Berlin, and, as such, was invited to a soiree given by the American ambassador. The Turkish ambassador was also among the invited guests, and inquired of the lady of our representative who Cobden was. "The great reformer," was the reply. His Turkship's ideas not being very extended on this point, he naively inquired whether he wanted to reform the Catholic or the Protestant religion.

A very remarkable feature in the polished circles in Berlin is the position and influence of the wealthy Jews. In no country has this eventful and unfortunate nation been more persecuted than in Germany, and in no country, perhaps, with the exception of Poland, are they proportionally more numerous. The low and trading Jews in many parts of Germany bear the appearance of being perfect outcasts from humanity, and, indeed, are thus treated. In many of the towns they are not allowed to reside, and in others they are excluded after a certain hour of the day. Thus, in Nuremberg, one of the oldest and formerly most influential towns of Germany, they are not allowed to remain after six o'clock in the afternoon. They come into the city in the morning, transact their business—and they have a great deal of business in their hands—and leave at the prescribed hour in the evening. A few miles from Nuremberg, and connected with it by a railroad, is the town of Furth; here they all reside, apart from their neighbors; and the railroad that conveys them to and fro is the most profitable one in all Germany, so extensive is the travel. In the town of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the home of the Rothschilds and the stronghold of the children of Israel, they were till lately sorely persecuted. They were forced to reside in a certain part of the city known as the Jews' Quarter, and at eight o'clock in the evening the gates that guarded its entrance were closed, and then woe betide the poor Jew who was not within the walls. It was even, till very lately, the case that but a certain number of marriages were permitted to be solemnized among them yearly. This number was restricted to thirteen, and that among a population of about ten thousand Jews. The privilege was, of course, rare, and generally at the disposal of those who had golden reasons to urge why it should be granted to them. The result of this unjust oppression is degradation—to express their condition in a word. It is the history of the world that a subordinate caste loses self-respect, and falls in the scale of worth. It is our own history in this country.

But the power of wealth has raised many of the

Jews of Germany to a most influential position; and the latter, in its turn, has acted on its possessors, and qualified them to take a prominent and enviable stand among their competitors in the social arena. This is the case with the wealthier Jews of Berlin. The first impetus given to this desirable state of things was the powerful mind of the celebrated Jewish philosopher Mendelssohn, who gathered around him a brilliant circle of intelligence, and made his house the rendezvous of the first intellects of his day. His family, all of whom are highly gifted, still continue their literary reunions, and diffuse a love of letters and the arts among those around them. The most powerful scion of the stock—Mendelssohn, the great composer—died but three years ago, and his remains were brought from Leipsig to Berlin, where all classes united to do honor to his memory. During our stay in Berlin, we found no where more notabilities in literature, science, and the arts than in the hospitable mansion of a wealthy Jewish lady.

This taste for literature among all classes seems to have taken its rise with the real founder of the Prussian monarchy and "father of his country," Frederick the Great, who was a man whose leisure hours were all employed in literary labors—poetry and philosophy. His well-known love of the muses drew to his court many who supposed themselves by birth and destiny to be great poets, with no other failing than the very usual one of that class of mankind; namely, empty pockets. One of these, a celebrated female *improvisatore*, known in the early annals of Prussia as the *Karschin*, whose passion was, Homer-like, to sing to the people, though in doggerel verse, of the deeds of the nation, teased the old King a long while for a little assistance in the way of money. Frederick at last gave her a scolding and two dollars; whereupon she immediately exclaimed,

"Two dollars! what a petty thing!  
Two dollars! O, how great a king!"

Frederick the Great was a very remarkable man in many respects, and so unwilling to submit to restraint that his courtiers found it a difficult matter to induce him to behave as a king; that is, according to their idea of royal dignity. His intercourse with his subjects was so free that he was even on good terms with the school-children in the street, who would often follow and talk to him, as he was riding into the city from his country palace. In Germany Wednesday afternoon is given to the children for recreation—a custom which is very old. One of the said afternoons it happened that quite a crowd of children met the old King on horseback, and gathered around him, so that he could scarcely proceed. Being in a hurry, he said, rather impatiently, "Go along, boys, to school." "Ha! ha!" exclaimed the children, "a King, and don't know that there's no school on Wednesday afternoon!" Frederick was eccentric in the extreme, and lavished his affections on his hounds and his flute. The beautiful Palace of "*Sans Souci*," built by

him in the royal residence of Potsdam, is still kept up in beautiful style, being the favorite place of resort of the present King. But the apartments in which Frederick mostly passed his time are preserved, with great reverence, as they were when he died. In his library is a large sofa, covered with orange-colored satin, which is torn and covered with the spots from the greasy paws of his hounds as he fed them. These dogs were so dear to him, that he left orders, in his will, as to the place and manner of their burial; and in the old arbor to which he frequently resorted in the summer season, may now be seen the graves and monuments of his faithful dogs. Frederick the Great was a great admirer of Franklin, and even invited him to his court, intimating that if it were not for his fear of England, and the influence of the latter power in Germany, he would be glad to assist the American provinces in their struggle. The greatest error in the old King's life, and one which he most regretted finally, was the invitation to Voltaire to become an inmate of "*Sans Souci*." The King was an ardent admirer of French literature, and even wrote poetry in that language. He thought it a capital idea to have so powerful a master to criticise his efforts; but in the sarcastic and bitter Voltaire he found a master in the truest sense of the term. The man whose audacity feared neither God, his fellow-man, nor Satan, ridiculed the old King to his very face, and called it an act of friendship, performed with a view to improve him. Frederick's manuscripts were shown to us, with the criticisms of Voltaire written by himself on the margin; and their caustic satire did improve the King effectually; for they soon fell out, and quarreled with each other like cat and dog, till, at last, Voltaire received orders to leave. The French philosopher then resided a while in Holland, and, after quarreling with and abusing every literary celebrity there, left the country with the bitter farewell, "*Adieu, ye ducks, canals, and rabble!*"

Another distinctive feature of Berlin is the perfect mania for newspaper reading. The "*cafés*," that in other cities of the continent are filled with an ever-moving, chattering crowd, are here so silent that one on entering fairly walks with a light step, in order not to break the general stillness, nor interrupt the group of readers gathered around the tables, and sipping coffee, tea, or chocolate, while devouring the news of the day. A very important item of expense in keeping a Berlin café is the provision of journals from all quarters of the world; and the principal reading-room and café of the capital contains journals in more than a dozen languages, even to the modern Greek.

No mania rages more violently in Berlin than that of titles. It is the rarest occurrence to hear a man called by his simple patronymic. Among these no titles are more numerous than that of "*Privy-Counselor*." The slightest act of fidelity to the government, or the most trifling public service or individual merit, is sure to raise a public

man to this dignity. A capital caricature, that appeared during our sojourn there, represented a man knocking violently, in the dead of the night, at the door of a private hotel containing furnished lodgings; the moment a window in the second story is raised, the man inquires in an elevated tone, "Is the Privy-Counselor at home?" In an instant twenty windows fly open, twenty heads appear, and twenty "Ya's" respond to the inquiry. This amusing custom is carried so far that the wives of said gentlemen, when addressed, always receive the same title, with a feminine termination; and it is nothing unusual to hear a lady spoken to as "Mrs. Privy-Counseloress!" And thus with every title that a man may claim; he can not even receive a simple "good-by" without having his official dignity attached to it. "Good morning, Mr. Supreme-Consistorial-Counselor!" "Good evening, Mrs. Supreme-Consistorial-Counseloress!" "How do you do to-day, Mr. Chief-Director-of-the-King's-Forest?" "How do you find yourself, Mrs. Chief-Directress?" etc. Even the military titles of the gentlemen are applied to their wives. "Mrs. General," "Mrs. Captainess," is a very common form of address to mild and delicate beings, who bear no external traits of paying any other homage to the god of war than that of loving and serving his disciples. And thus this title epidemic runs on through the whole range of the arts and sciences—"Mrs. Doctress," "Mrs. Professoress," and so forth, till it is exhausted.

Then the same malady reappears, in a modified form, in the many unique family names handed down from father to son, and most probably taking their origin in the personal peculiarity of the family patriarch or his profession. We have first Mr. God-Love and Mr. Trust-in-God, reminding one strongly of the old Puritans in English history. Then come Mr. Devil-Hater and Mr. Man-Devil—the latter gentleman is at this moment prime minister of the Prussian cabinet, and his political enemies, the republicans and liberalists, do not hesitate to declare that his name is most appropriate. After these we find Mr. Woolen-Weaver, Mr. Silk-Embroiderer, Mr. Big-Head, Mr. Little-Chicken, etc., till one pauses in astonishment at this exuberance of fancy in the selection of cognomens.

There is in Berlin a certain activity and bustle that gives it more the appearance of an American city than any other in Germany, and the people themselves do business with more dispatch than is usually employed by their neighbors. The fact that five important railroads branch out in all directions from the city, shows an appreciation of the value of trade and intercourse with neighboring powers. By means of one of these roads the market of Berlin is always supplied with live fish from the Baltic Sea, swimming about in the reservoirs on the market-place. This is a specimen of enterprise peculiarly un-German-like, and especially American. We saw nothing like it in any other German cities.

Another enterprising feature to be met with here seems rather to surpass even brother Jonathan: it is that of canine industry. Indeed, we confess that the dogs seemed, in many instances, more industrious than the men. Nearly every thing is dragged to market by dog-power. Early in the morning the whole city is furrowed by little milk-wagons drawn by dogs, and followed by women, who distribute the milk and collect the money. About nine o'clock the milk is all served, and at nearly every corner may be seen the little milk-wagon, with Tray partly unharnessed, and enjoying a frugal breakfast provided by his mistress, while the latter has stepped into a neighboring house for a cup of coffee and a roll. These and the gossip of the morning being duly discussed, dog, cart, and mistress again start on their rounds, to collect swill at the houses of the customers, with which to regale old Brindle on their return; and thus these dog-carts are traversing the city till noon, when they leave for their rural domiciles, and do not reappear till the following sunrise. A matter which caused some reflection to ourselves was the propriety of conveying milk-cans and swill-barrels in the same vehicle; but we are in duty bound to suppose that errors never occur, although the proximity between vice and virtue seemed to us too close for the general welfare.

In this way nearly all the dogs in the humbler walks of life are rendered materially useful. They draw wood and all kinds of fuel; the baker seldom has a cart or barrow without his dog; and even the butcher will have his dog harnessed in front of his wagon: these vehicles are generally constructed like wheel-barrow, so that the owner can steer by the shafts while the dog pulls. Thus dogs of every shade, race, and size enter into the busy scenes of life, and many of them seem to have all its sorrows woefully depicted on their careworn countenances. Then, again, there are aristocratic dogs, that, like their masters, are lazy hounds, who prey upon the body-politic, and turn up their noses at honest labor; these seldom pass their poor relations without a scowl, and the latter sometimes leads to open combat, which, being carried on with one of the parties in harness, frequently interferes with the distribution of bread and milk.

Berlin is peculiarly destitute of what the Germans call "*People's Life*;" that is, amusements and festivals in the open air. In southern Germany the outskirts of every city abound with public places of resort—large open commons, gardens, or public houses, where the national customs of the country may be seen on every holiday, and thousands collect to indulge in mirth and pleasure. But the Berliners seem to be of a more serious and reflecting turn of mind, even the lower classes; and although places of resort abound, as elsewhere, the amusement is of a quiet nature, as if under restraint, and all those places bear, therefore, more of the American character.

A striking trait in the German character is that the individual always remains in his sphere; and he is generally placed there by his fathers, and stays there during life, leaving his offspring in the same place that he vacates. Thus, some of the oldest inns in Germany have for centuries been in the hands of the same family. The house itself seems to acquire this extremely conservative disposition; and one of the hotels in Augsburg has been a public house for four hundred years. Its register is a most valuable document, containing the autographs of many of the most wonderful men of the last four centuries, among which are the names of Charles the Fifth and Napoleon. Some of the most influential and wealthy private banking-houses of Germany have retained the same firm for centuries; and it is not improbable that the house of Rothschild may perpetuate itself quite as long. The American, on the contrary, is a perfect Jack-of-all-trades, and always flying off at a tangent; dabbling, at the same time, in three or four occupations of a totally different nature—governing a state and trading in sugar or iron, teaching school and driving a stage-coach. This to a German would be as impossible as it is incomprehensible. Dining one day at the house of a banker of Berlin, the conversation naturally turned on the relative value of money in Prussia and the United States; to this was added the question of exchange between the two countries, and the operation of the tariff, so far as it effected certain articles of trade in which Germany and this country are largely interested. In rising from table our hostess inquired what house we were connected with in the United States. On disclaiming any connection with commercial affairs, the lady expressed her surprise that one not in the profession should take sufficient interest in it to discuss its laws.

Shortly afterward, at the request of a medical friend at home, we applied at one of the hospitals for some special information in relation to a certain branch of medical practice. The first interview was very courteous on the part of the resident physician, but the rules of the institution required the names of all visitors to be registered. This proceeding showed the gentleman that we laid no claims to the title of M. D., and with regret he informed us that gentlemen not of the profession were positively excluded by the board, at the same time expressing his surprise that we should take any interest in such an affair. We merely give these examples to show how much Germans are governed, and how seldom the thought occurs to them to leave a beaten track. It is an evil that at this moment is doing much to prevent the regeneration of the father-land.

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NEGLECT of attention to small things has been the defeat of more than one mind in this world. Showers spring from rain-drops.

## THE DEATH OF A SCHOOLMATE.

BY REV. B. ST. JAMES FRY.

THERE is one truth that time teaches us, slowly but surely: it is that we may not yield our affections to things of this world, however worthy they seem for our love. Not but that the love of a warm heart may meet with a like response, or that the sympathies of an affectionate nature are in vain, but because they are too frail for immortality. The grave has buried such hosts of bright hopes, and cast a shadow over so many aching hearts, bereft of sunshine and gladness, that we can scarcely mention it without calling forth a sigh from some poor broken heart.

We never learn what death means till it comes so near us that we feel his cold breath, and miss one from our side whose step has been the echo of our own, whose smile was the sunlight of the life. Then we no longer wonder at the heart-sobs and the pale cheeks, that never asked but always gained our sympathies, and sometimes our prayers.

I recollect, and with such vividness that only a few days seem to be past, when there was such a shadow thrown across my path. It was the passing away of a schoolmate from earth that gave me the sad experience; and time has repeated the lesson so often that I can never hope to see it less distinct than at present. It was not the first death within the range of my knowledge or acquaintance, but he was the first I saw die, and he was one whose life was very dear to me. Some years before I had seen a little brother wrapped up in a snowy shroud; but there was such a sweet smile upon his pale cheeks and lips, that I thought he had grown happy again after so many days and nights of pain. I recollect an old gray-headed man that died the summer before; but it was not strange he should die, for he had been old, and gray-headed, and leaning on his staff, and saying that he would die soon many years before; and I thought it strange, indeed, that he had lived as many as eighty years.

This was my schoolmate—the one, among all my schoolmates, that I loved best. We sat beside each other in the school-room, in the same seat, and held our desk in common; and, indeed, there was nothing that seemed to belong to one more than the other. Not only in the school-room, but in the play-yard we were brothers, and whatever was the game that occupied our hours of recreation we were to be found on the same side. I know that I should not have had heart to beat him in any of our childlike contests—our shout of victory always went up together. But what glorious times we had during the holidays and on each returning Saturday! In the warm season we were out among the green hills, with such merry shouts as only school-boys know how to utter. In the spring we gathered flowers; and in the autumn-time we were found busy at the roots of the hickory and walnut



trees; and when there were neither flowers nor nuts to gather, we would sit near each other on the creek-banks, and fish for minnows, till the sun streaming sidelong among the willows warned us that our parents would be looking for us anxiously. Then, hand in hand, with hearts full to the brim of happiness, we went on our way home.

Our last ramble in the woods was on one of those bright autumn days, when the hills and trees look so royal in their rich purple robes. The leaves had begun to fall, and every now and then the wind would come blustering among the topmost branches, snatching whole handfuls, and tossing them into the bright sunshine, till the ground was rich in its treasure of gold, and purple, and brown, and scarlet hues. Happiness could not have been more complete than ours. As we went home after this day of wildest joy, he looked languid; and when we sat down on a large rock by the road-side, he leaned his head—I can almost feel the pressure now—against my shoulder, and said that it ached badly. The next morning he was not at the Sabbath school, and then I knew he was sick. O how I longed to see him, and sit on his bedside, if he lay in bed, and talk to him! The next day, as I went to school, I passed by the house, but saw no one whom I might ask about his welfare. That day at school was full of anxiety, more so than ever one had been before, and it was in vain that I attempted to study; for my heart and thoughts were with him, and he had never been absent before. My lessons were but poorly recited, and when the teacher asked the cause I burst into tears, as if my heart would break; and after a little while, when I became calm and told him that Charley was sick, he put his arm around my neck, and told me to call in the morning and see how my dear schoolmate was.

I started early the next morning, but, as I came near the house, I had a strange reluctance about going in and asking for him. It was strange, for it had never been so before. As I entered the little side-gate, his mother saw me through the window, and came and opened the door, and I went tremblingly in, and stood by his little bedside. The moment he saw me his eyes brightened, and there was the old familiar smile, with a slight tinge of pain; but he was very sick, and I felt, as I saw the faces of the family, that they were all in great fear. Something of fear took possession of me, and something of pleasure also, for I was glad to see him; but I do not know that any words passed between us, except the whispering of each other's names. What happiness it was to stand beside his bed, and hold his hand in mine; to see his face again, and know that he was alive; and to think that before many days passed I would stop before the little gate in the morning, and whistle, and then he would come out, and we would go to school again together! The school-bell rang; I started, and pressed his hot hand, and said I would call again when I came from school in the evening.

The school-hours passed, but how wearily! And when the dismissal bell rang, I sprang from the seat, and almost ran till I came in sight of the house. I went in with a trembling heart, all was so quiet and still. They were all standing about the bed; and sobbing, especially the mother. The shadow of some mighty fear passed over me, and I shrank back a moment, and then drew nearer to the bed, till I could see his face. He was dying; his cheeks were pale, and his breathings were as if each one would be the last, and his blue eye had a strange glare. He seemed to look at me, but did not recognize me. The setting sun shone above the head of the bed, and as it grew dim and disappeared he breathed fainter, and at last I heard some one whisper, "*He is dead!*" There was with the words a heavy, cold pressure upon my heart—a sadness that, child as I was, for a long time clung heavily to my heart.

The next day, in the afternoon, they buried him. I had passed a sleepless night, but was at the house when the coffin was opened, that all present might again look upon the pale face. At first I shrank back, and my courage would have failed me, but some one noticed me sobbing, and knowing that we had been playmates, came and took me by the hand, and led me to the coffin. I forgot all present, and placed my hand on his cold forehead first, and then my cheek against his cold cheek; but I could not see his face distinctly, for my eyes were too full for tears. The white cloth was put over the face again, the lid of the coffin screwed down to its place, and he was seen no more. Yet not here did I realize his loss first; it was when the clouds began to fill up the grave; then all hope was gone, and I knew I should see him no more.

The place where they buried him was in the graveyard among the hills, over which we had wandered so often in the spring, and summer, and autumn times. The graveyard was a familiar one to me, but I had never loved it before as I did now. Saturdays were lonely days; but when they came, and the weather was pleasant, I went to his grave, and would sit there whole hours. The grass grows green over it, and the rose-bush at his feet has been often clothed in flowers, and the evergreen at the head-stone has grown to be quite a large tree, but he is to me the same gentle, joyous-hearted boy that sat beside me in the school-room.

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THE following anecdote is told of an individual who heard Sheridan speak against Warren Hastings. At the expiration of the first hour, he said, "All this is mere declamation;" when the second was finished, "This is a wonderful oration;" at the close of the third, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably;" at the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is an atrocious criminal;" and at the last, "Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings."

## THE BIBLE FRIENDLY TO REASON.

BY EDWARD THOMSON D. D.

GENTLE reader, you, doubtless, value your mind above all other treasures; you will, therefore, put a high estimate upon any thing which tends to improve it. The Bible has a greater influence in developing and cultivating the intellect than any other book of which I have any knowledge. If you doubt this, will you not sit down by my side, and reason with me on the subject for a few minutes? I will endeavor not to weary you, and I promise you that it may be some time before I ask your attention again.

I grant that the chief object of the Bible is to show us the way of salvation; but in achieving this end it accomplishes many minor ones. Indeed, there is not a fiber of the body nor a faculty of the soul upon which it does not lay its hand of mercy—not a temporal interest or relation upon which it does not send forth a stream of blessings. Many look upon it as a book which, though suitable enough for the simple and the afflicted, has no attractions for strong and healthy minds. Now, ponder my argument against this error; and that I wander not from the point, let me state my proposition:

The Bible promotes the development and cultivation of the intellect.

It enlarges the foundations of knowledge. In things both natural and supernatural, we can not proceed a step without primary truths. That there are such truths must be apparent; for without them every process of reasoning would be interminable. A primary truth may be known by the following signs: it can neither be proved nor refuted by clearer propositions; and it forces men, whether they admit or deny it, to act as though they believe it. A philosopher, for example, may deny the existence of an external world, and may meet with no one who can refute him; nevertheless, he will be as careful to avoid fires, and rivers, and blows, as if he taught that flame will burn, and water drown, and that action and reaction are equal.

A large basis of these truths is afforded to man by intuition, and upon it he erects the structure of natural science; but it is evident that, however high he may carry up the edifice, he can not broaden it. But the Bible enlarges the *foundations* of knowledge; it lays a number of basis truths in the faith—such as the existence of God, the beginning of the world, the origin of evil, the future life, the resurrection from the dead, the judgment to come, and the scheme of salvation through our Lord—and on this added and supernatural foundation man can build, as on Jacob's stony pillow, successive stories, like the rounds of the mystic ladder, and side by side with the ascending angels of God, rise higher and higher, till he bathes his head in the divine glory.

It may be alleged by some, that the propositions just stated are first truths of *natural* knowledge,

and, therefore, need no revelation from Heaven. Try them. Are men compelled to act as though they believe them? do they not generally act as though they disbelieved them? It is alleged by many that they may be built upon other truths; the being of God, for instance, upon the axiom that every effect must have an adequate cause. Perhaps some of them are discoverable by unassisted angelic minds; but are they by unaided *human* ones? What ancient philosopher ever reasoned himself up to any one of them? True, here and there, a gray-haired sage, after the labor of a life, caught a glimpse of some; but it was a *mere* glimpse, beheld with doubt and fear, and leading to no useful result. Nor was this ignorance due to any want of interest in religious themes. What nation that ever emerged from barbarism did not speculate upon these points, and, by its absurd notions concerning them, demonstrate that the "world by wisdom knew not God?"

Let it not be said that their errors were owing to imperfect mental cultivation. Philosophers, to whom, so far as intellect and polish are concerned, the world has looked up for ages, and still looks up, sought after this knowledge as after hid treasure, yet died without the sight. Simonides, on the fortieth day of his search after God, cried, "The more I consider the subject the more obscure it becomes." Greece confessed her ignorance when she erected an altar to the unknown God; and Socrates, her noblest son, marked the end of the longest march of unaided mind toward God by a sacrifice to Esculapius. I know that reason may render the truths in question *probable* before they are revealed, and may illustrate them afterward; but she can never advance them from the probable to the certain till she hears a voice from heaven. Skeptics who, with all the light of modern science, reject the Bible are in darkness concerning even the being of God and the immortality of man.

You perceive the discouragement which every mind must feel when there is no revelation—a discouragement which must increase with every succeeding age. Who would deny himself ease, and home, and pleasure, to enter upon a voyage which has always terminated in icebergs, and clouds, and shipwreck, and confused cries dying out into eternal silence? Yet such has been the end of every voyage of human reason in search of the "golden fleece" of religious truth. No wonder; for it is an attempt to reach the infinite by the route of the finite. We see the encouragement which the Bible gives to study—it starts us on our journey far in advance of the most laborious researches of philosophy. The child, with the Bible in hand, *begins* his lessons far beyond where Socrates *closed* his.

The Bible *requires* the exercise of reason in *examining its evidences*. If I am required to receive the Bible upon the ground of authority, custom, antiquity, or law, what distinction can I perceive between the *true* religion and the *false*? Leave it to the priests of Pagan temples to challenge belief

without proof; it is the distinguishing glory of the Gospel that she brings her witnesses into reason's court, and demands the coolest, strictest scrutiny. We blame not the infidel because he *reasons*, but because he either does not reason *enough*, or reasons from *false* premises. I know that many good men receive the Bible without examination, and become established in the faith by the fruits which it brings forth; but if they had traced the analogies between natural religion and revealed, studied the dependencies and correspondencies of the old and new covenants, listened to the harmonies of both and the answering echoes of the heart and conscience, and ended their investigations by comparing prophecy with history, till they saw the proof that Jesus is the Son of God beaming round the earth upon the brows of three millions of the living children of those who led him to Calvary, and saw in the broken columns of Nineveh, and the scraped rock of Tyre, and the barren hills of Syria, and the cursed valley of the Nile, the sad and silent demonstrations of the Divine origin of holy oracles, their faith would rest on broader foundations. Hence the Bible says, *prove* all things. Prepare to satisfy your neighbor as well as yourself, by giving a *reason* of the hope that is in you. Study, argue, till you can give every leaf and every providence a voice for the Son of God, and make every Alpha and Omega of the New Testament speak of his divinity and his era, as the galleries of the stars mark the footsteps of the Deity, and the petrifications of the rocks chronicle the days before the flood.

The Bible demands our reason, that we may *develop its truth*. Made up as it is of various books, written by different authors, at sundry times, during the lapse of many centuries, each part bearing the stamp of its own times and the peculiar style of its own writer, it requires careful examination, and an application of those rules of exegesis which are used in the interpretation of other ancient writings, in order that it may exhibit its meaning. And the meaning which the words express is what we want: he who looks for *hidden* senses looks for his own fancies; he who allegorizes adds to the revelation.

Let reason, however, approach the Bible as the prophet did the burning bush; for it hath fallen—it stands on holy ground—it can never find out God to perfection—it seeketh things hidden from the wise and prudent to be revealed unto babes. Let it not merely approach, but tarry and *deliberate*; for Christ saith, "*Search the Scriptures.*" Alas! many, like they of Thessalonica, are mental beggars, because they will not—a few only, like the Bereans, are moral noblemen, because they do so *daily*. It is easy to read; but to *understand* we must *think*. The ox sees the sun merely as a ball of fire; the philosopher sees in it the attraction that binds the planets and the spectrum that spans the heavens, the heat that warms and the light that cheers a set of worlds, and the power, and

wisdom, and goodness of Him that hath set the king of day his tabernacle, and kindled up his fires. And what makes the difference but thinking? No one can understand a book unless his mind can pass with the author up the same steps of thought which he traveled when he penned it. He, for example, who would comprehend Euclid's problems must think himself up to Euclid's elevation. And O what discipline must the mind undergo to receive truth from the pen of that philosopher! How should we close our eyes, and bend our knees, and tax our energies when we pass through the chambers of the Scriptures, beyond the ranks of cherubim and seraphim, to place our ears to the mouth of God! It is the glory of the Bible that it brings down philosophy through prophets, apostles, and the God-man, from the Almighty to the infant. It is its *higher* glory to lead up the infant by its philosophy through the armies of the blest to the bosom of the Almighty. Let us delight in the *pure* truth. I have thought that uninspired books are at once a blessing and a curse to the Church. Let us not depreciate the fathers; they are, for the most part, redolent of piety, radiant with learning, and deep with argument; they often throw light over dark places of truth, and lift dim curtains that hide unspeakable glories. But better never read human writing than trust in human authority, or share the glory of Christ with his frail servants. He who does so can not enjoy God's word. The soul that sails the ocean of truth in the pitcher of human teachings, feels not the baptism of its immortal waters.

One of the great benefits derived from the word is its soul exercise. This it was which nourished up such minds as Luther, Knox, Wesley—those colossal intellects that stand among mankind like pyramids amid Egyptian sands. Religious controversy; though, on many accounts, to be deplored, has been a blessing to the Church; by driving her to *search* the Scriptures. Alas! for want of it, in these peaceful times, Zion is in danger of getting bed-ridden.

Let reason approach the Scriptures with patient *prayer*. The prophet on Carmel's heights cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees. "And he said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." So be thy spirit on the Divine heights of the Bible—bow down; and if, as you look toward the sea, you see nothing, pray on; and though you look seven times before you see a cloud, like a man's hand, say not that the Bible is a dry book, but be thou still a kneeling, and thy soul's heaven shall be filled with fatness and her earth drenched with rain.

The Bible demands our reason, that we may *develop its science*. Tell me not that reason has done enough when she has given us the meaning of the Scriptures. Science is the final cause of reason, truth is the element of science, and nature and revelation are the reservoirs of truth. We remember, compare, classify, and judge, as the sparks fly upward; intellect leaps spontaneous; and if the Bible is not an arena for it, it is neither suitable for man nor worthy of God. One of the strongest proofs of its heavenly origin is the fact, that, although it has been the sphere of mental activity for the best minds during the last two thousand years, it is still the scene of interest and the field of discovery.

But what are objects of Bible science?

We should seek for the origin, combination, and history of the *words* in which the Scriptures are cast, that we may not repeat them parrot-like, but, as the apostle directs us to sing, "in the spirit and with the understanding also."

We must bind the facts together by their leading principles. How can they be remembered unless they be arranged? how can they be arranged unless they be classified? and how can we classify without analysis? and how can we analyze without reason? He who could remember all the facts by mere force of memory would have but *imperfect* knowledge, compared with him who has traced them through successive generalizations to the great sun truth of the cross, and who from the cross can connect and explain them all.

But it is not only the *historic* truth we want; we need also the *doctrinal* which lies beneath it. Let it not be said that practical religion is all sufficient: the practical rests upon the theoretical; the action lies behind the will, the will behind the emotions, the emotions behind the intellect. As a man's views of God, so is his feeling toward him; as his feeling toward him, so will be his volition; and as he wills, so he acts. Every sentence in the Bible bears a relation to God, or Christ, or man; and when this is perceived it awakens a feeling of obligation—the only permanent foundation for morality.

We should not only eliminate the doctrines of the Bible, but trace their connection in a system. For the Bible, though it does not teach systematically, nevertheless contains a system. In this respect there is an analogy between nature and revelation; both are regulated by connected general principles, which, while they seem to hide, they constantly illustrate, thus alluring us to scrutinize and compare. In this way we are led to connect facts and dispensations, and bring independent and apparently contradictory propositions into a coherent and harmonious whole.

It may be said that this is not essential to salvation. I know it. It is with particulars, not with generals, that we are chiefly concerned both in natural and spiritual life, and every one's capacities are adapted to his necessities; but both in nature and the word of God we are invited, as well

by duty as curiosity, to trace the particulars upward to the generals and downward to the elements, in a never-ending series of beautiful analyses. Hence the Psalmist made the law his meditation day and night. For want of this there is so much unsteadiness in the Churches. We have cast away the catechism, nor will we catechise ourselves. Be not afraid that speculation will lead to intolerance. He who reasons most is most tolerant; for he knows with what difficulty truth is discovered and error avoided. It is usually the ignorant that deems himself infallible; he who will not think for himself that persecutes him that does.

Nor think that there is no hope of further discovery in the Bible. We have dogmas and tenets enough, but there is yet a chance to bring out great thoughts from the Divine treasury of knowledge. Indeed, a new era is opening upon us. The philosophy of Bacon, which has shed such floods of light upon the physical sciences, has but just been brought to the threshold of the theological.

The Bible requires our reason, that we may *judge of the excellence of its law and the rectitude of the Divine administration*. I speak reverently but firmly, because I speak with the warrant of the inspired word. God invites us to reason; he honors his own image in man; he is pleased that his child should exercise his noblest powers upon the *words* as well as works of his Creator. How else shall man see that "the law is good!" or exclaim, as he traces the Divine dispensations, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!" or cry, as he stands before the Shekinah, like the seraphim in prophetic vision, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!" Hence God says to the sinner, "Come, let us reason together." The obedience he demands is a rational one; no other would be consistent either with the creature's happiness or the Creator's glory. Hence he is willing to submit the matter in controversy between himself and his people to their own judgment: "Judge ye are not my ways equal: are not your ways unequal?"

But let us beware how we use our reason. To calculate without data, or to argue where the premises are imperfectly understood—this is not to *use* reason, but to *abuse* it. So far as *duty* is concerned, we may expect full knowledge; but there are things referred to in revelation the full comprehension of which "is reserved in heaven," and, for aught we know, is beyond the capacity of the human mind. To attempt to speculate on these were madness. Do not wonder that there are such points in the Bible, for there are similar ones in philosophy. Between cause and effect, impulse and motion, organization and life, there lies a region as mysterious as that which lies between the holiness of God and the origin of evil, or between the freedom of man and the sovereignty of God. Mysteries peculiarly befit revelation. When Jehovah from his mountain home sends down a messenger, what wonder that there should be some spots upon his face too bright for mortal eye, and whose



brightness must, therefore, be shaded. Happy are we that there are. They speak of the King eternal, immortal, invisible, and of his inaccessible dwelling of light; they speak of the immortality, and progress, and coming illumination of the soul; they keep the mind forever on the knee and forever on the wing. More especially should we anticipate mystery when God reveals himself; we may expect to see the glory of the Almighty through a cleft in the rock. What would you think of a philosophy that should profess to bring the science of the sun within the little doors of an insect's soul? What, then, of a revelation that should profess to bring the full glory of the eternal God within the narrow opening of a human intellect, or that should leave nothing unexplained between the surface and the depths of its discoveries? What a death to all thought! what a stop to all progress! Where eternity is concerned we may look for mystery. What wonder if the distant hill-tops are covered with shadows that we can not pierce! But shall we, therefore, complain? Who blames the earth because it hides more than it reveals? Who blames the telescope because in bringing one star near it shows others afar off? Who blames the philosopher because in leading his pupil up the hill of knowledge he widens, at every step, the visible horizon of his ignorance? Sufficient for us that we can follow a pillar of cloud as well as of fire, and that all over those distant hills of darkness there shall ere long break the beams of an eternal morning. Let it not be said that the mysteries of Scripture paralyze the mind; they stir it from its foundations. It is when the curtains are drawn around the sky that the contemplative mind is filled with the utmost awe and reverence; and as the stars peer out one after another, and the heavens are crowded with shining worlds, imagination kindles and burns till the soul is all on fire. And why? Because there is mystery in every star, and mystery in every space; and the mystery deepens as you go from sun to sun, and system to system, till the soul is overwhelmed in the unfathomed depths.

It is worthy of remark that the line which separates the mysterious from the comprehensible in the Scriptures is not a fixed one, but is continually receding before the advances of the pious mind; and this brings me to remark that the Bible entices us to the use of our reason by the *promise of supernatural aid*. The Spirit of God reveals to us no new truth. We are assured that the Gospel is not only the latest, but the last will and testament of our Father, and that a curse will alight upon him who adds a codicil to it. The overlooking of this fact has been the cause of Millerism, Mormonism, and the delusions of such visionaries as Jemima Wilkinson, Joanna Southcote, Behemin, Vane, and Venner. They all adopted the false principle, that the Spirit gives a new law, instead of writing the old one in the believer's mind. But I must defer till another paper any farther remarks.

VOL. XII.—11

## THE CHRIST.

BY MRS. M. A. RIGGLOW.

THOU art the One the prophets have foretold,  
The Savior of thy people! thou art he  
To whom the radiant gates of heaven unfold,  
And spirit voices join in harmony  
To exalt thy praises round the glorious throne—  
Thou art the image of the Eternal One!

We know Thee well—thou art the Son of God!  
We've seen thy wonders on the stormy deep,  
When winds were heavy on the angry flood,  
And we in fright awoke thee from thy sleep—  
The calmness settling round us in that hour  
Told us thine arm had more than mortal power.

We've seen the dead awaken into life,  
And at Thy voice come back to friends and home;  
We've seen thee quell the mad demoniac's strife,  
And heal the sick who trembled o'er the tomb;  
Yea, miracles, where'er thy feet have trod,  
Proclaim to us thou art the Son of God!

And that sweet calm which o'er the spirit steals,  
Amid the roughness of our thorny way,  
When to the heart Thy love the truth reveals,  
And sheds around us a meridian day—  
The peace thou givest through thy cleansing blood,  
Attests to us thou art the Christ of God.

## LOST.

BY ALICE CAREY.

WHAT eyes will weep when cease to flow  
My mingled tears and song?  
Roughly the storms about me blow—  
I can not brave them long.

And yet my worn and bleeding feet  
Shrink from the sheltering mold;  
The dream of human love is sweet—  
The grave is dark and cold.

Spirit of comfort, ere the day  
Closes in helpless ill,  
Break from my poor weak hands away  
The reed I lean on still!

For passion and pale pain must stir  
In triumph's joyous swell,  
Since starry-falling Lucifer  
Brought echoes out of hell.

And for the spirit crushed and crossed,  
The heart untimely sear,  
Love dying, faith and hope long lost,  
What is there left to fear?

God, struck aside from all thy grace,  
In sin's black meshes dumb,  
Pining for mercy's sweet embrace,  
Ruined and lost, I come!

## WHAT IS ELOQUENCE?

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

"My dear poor children, I am too weak to plead your cause!" was the language of a great modern orator, now dead, as he once rose to plead the cause of charity before an audience of several thousand children. He sat down without uttering another sentence. Tears, like rain-drops, fell from the eyes of almost every one in the vast assembly. Plates were passed round, and the sum of twelve hundred pounds, or about six thousand dollars, was immediately raised. How will the reader account for the success of this simple effort? Was it the occasion merely, or the words, or the thought, or the voice of the dying speaker that caused such a flood of benevolence and of feeling?

"The grace of God is free as air!" exclaimed Bascom, years ago, before an audience in New York city, and every heart seemed melted, every eye became a fountain of tears. The speaker's voice at the time was one of the sweetest melody. His manner was the manner of struggling earnestness; his thoughts were thoughts of fire: We do not say that it was his thought only, nor his voice, nor his manner, that swept the multitude, as the tempest sweeps and bows the heads of the thousands of trees in the forest. The speaker's heart reached the hearts of his audience—they felt what he felt; and was not this eloquence?

"Did you hear our preacher to-day?"

"Yes."

"Eloquent, is he not?"

"Very; but he tells nothing but stories."

"And yet, if he had used no stories, half the people would have gone to sleep."

This conversation, in substance, the reader may have overheard himself. Some people affect to complain of a speaker because he uses incident—a profusion, perhaps, of incident. "He can keep the attention of people very well, but he can prove nothing," said a friend once in our hearing, after listening to the effort of a young preacher. "I like sense as well as sound, and do not think people should be imposed on when they go to church." Exactly such is the sentiment, concealed or expressed, of thousands. They will call a man dull, stupid, heavy, any thing, if he attempts to reason, or in any wise to be logical; but they are just as ready to censure the opposite course in another. Beautiful consistency! But these same persons are influenced by incident. Their hearts are touched, their feelings stirred, their minds enlightened, tears are brought forth—and shall we deny the eloquence of a man who does these things? Is not the politician or the statesman eloquent, when, by his voice, he sways the minds of listening thousands—when he breaks down prejudices and habits, and presents himself, for the time at least, if for no other period, sovereign of their wills and hearts?

On invitation, something over a year since, the writer went to hear a temperance lecture in Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, from a young man named John B. Gough. Wesley Chapel will comfortably seat over a thousand persons. Though very early in reaching the church, we found vacant seats very scarce. Men, women, and children had come in troops. We at last got a place commanding a good view of the pulpit. The speaker had not yet arrived. Soon, however, the house became filled. Numbers took stands around the door. Just at the hour appointed a rustle was heard. "That is Gough," said a friend at my elbow. I looked. A small man, with long dark hair, thin and somewhat melancholy features, was going up the aisle. Reaching the pulpit, he cast his full fine eyes over the large assembly, and then bent them timidly toward the floor. Prayer being offered by a minister present, the speaker began. His voice was not loud, nor yet low nor indistinct. Musical and sweet, you could hear every word, and almost every syllable, as they fell from his lips.

"Musical, did I say? Yes, sweet and musical. Did the reader ever think of that curious fact in the history of sound, that the loudest noises always perish on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical notes are heard to a great distance? Stand on the top of a high hill, a mile or two from some village or town, where men are shouting, and where a band of musical instruments is in performance. Listen! Did you hear that loud halloo? No. Listen again! Now do you hear some sound? Yes; but not the sound of any human voice. It is a musical instrument, a violin, whose sounds, low yet distinct, you hear. An English author of some repute, in a recent treatise, or, rather, discourse on the capacity of the human voice, says, that at Gibraltar the voice of a man can be heard further than that of any other being. Thus, when the cottager-wife there wishes to call her husband to his dinner, she does not strain her voice to its highest note, but pitches it to a musical key, well aware that she can make him hear better in this than in any other way. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not be heard so far. Loud speakers not only make themselves unpleasant to their hearers frequently, but are seldom heard to advantage. Allow me, reader, a single quotation from the writer above alluded to—Dr. Young—in illustration of the point under discussion:

"Burke's voice is said to have had a sort of lofty cry, which tended, as much as the formality of his discourse in the house of commons, to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard. His middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied. When he raised his voice to the highest pitch the house was completely filled with the volume of sound, and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate, and then he had spirit-stirring notes which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the

house sank before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer than his words—that the man was greater, infinitely greater, than the orator."

So much for the digression. Let us resume.

Mr. Gough's manner, however, at first, was rather indifferent, and seemed to indicate that its possessor was a well-meaning young man, who "*would like to say a few things for our profit if he could.*" Presently looking around, and elevating his tone of voice, every eye in the vast assembly was riveted on the speaker. I sat inclining forward, half forgetting myself and the place where I was, till, on a sudden, I heard the exclamation: "Look! look! yonder! see that man chasing a bubble through the air! Now he runs, now leaps over an obstacle, now grasps at the gossamer! 'Ha! ha! I have it now!' No, sir! not now. Again he springs; now runs through forest and field; and striking his hands suddenly together in the air, exclaims once more, 'Ha! ha! now I have it!' Nor even yet. He flags in his pursuit, but still goads on his wearied body. See him, as he sinks in the filth there! watch how he strains every nerve, and taxes every energy in climbing the mountain-side yonder! Deep sink his feet in the ashes and the dust about him. Madly springs he on; big have grown the veins of his face; wild and bloodshot is his eye. Once more he grasps at the bubble, and shouts, 'Ha! ha! ha! I have it now!' He has it; but his feet are in the crater of a volcano, and he sinks to rise no more."

Thus excited, I remained so till the close of the lecture, which was of about two hours' duration. I looked around to see if any but myself was interested. Every body was alive with excitement. Nearly twenty times since that night have I heard Mr. Gough. His audiences, whether learned or not, were always roused and excited by him. Where the explanation? His language, though good, was not the finest, his thoughts every one was familiar with, his manner—was not here his secret?—was inimitable, and his earnestness in his cause undoubted. This incident is not given because it will make the same impression in reading as it would on the mind in hearing it as given by Mr. Gough. No living man could relate it as it was related on that evening. How, then, can any pen describe it? The speaker's words, falling in showers, or, rather, chasing each other like electric sparks, put at defiance almost any attempt to keep up with him. His voice, now sunk to a thrilling whisper, now sounding like a trumpet, or pealing like thunder, startled every heart in the vast assembly.

In telling a thing over for the *fortieth* time, it is reported of Whitefield that he told it better than at any one of the previous thirty-nine times. Mr. Gough will call forth an audience in any place, on the subject of temperance, if the inhabitants of

that place have heard him two or three hundred times before. The city of Boston is proof of the remark. Editors there say that at any time, with almost any notice, he can draw a crowded house. Not even Clay or Webster in politics, Agassiz in science, nor any man in literature, nor minister in the pulpit, can fill a house as readily or as densely as John B. Gough. Eloquence is the power of persuasion, say our lexicographers. Mr. Gough persuades people. He has enlisted in the temperance cause more than half a million of the citizens of the United States. He does with an audience as he pleases—lulls, excites, calms, irritates, enrages—does any thing that man can do. Mr. Gough is an eloquent man. "What is eloquence?" recurs the question. Will the reader answer, or shall the writer close by penning the seven words, "*Eloquence is the power of persuading men.*"

## A WORD ON LETTERS.

MANY people, and well-informed people, too, sit down to write a letter as if they were about to construct a legal document or government dispatch. Precision, formality, and carefully worded and rounded periods are considered all essential, even though the epistle be intended for a familiar friend. Others appear to be writing for publication or for posterity, instead of making epistolary communication a simple converse between friends. Away with such labored productions. A letter on business should be brief; to a friend, familiar and easy. We like Hannah More's ideas upon the subject. She used to say, "If I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them better in books. What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing; I want him to turn out the inside of his heart to me, without disguise, without appearing better than he is, without writing for a character. I have the same feeling in writing to him. My letter is, therefore, worth nothing to an indifferent person, but it is of value to the friend who cares for me." She added, that "letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays."

"I take up my pen to let you know that we are all well, and hope these few lines may find you the same." This is the old stereotype beginning of about one half of all the millions of letters written between friends annually; and to save time and ink, booksellers might do well to have a certain amount of their stock of letter paper with these words printed as the first lines. Originality, not monotony of expression, should be as much studied by letter-writers as by news-writers. It would prove profitable both to the writer and to the one written to. When shall we hear of some "progress" in this matter?

## VACATION RAMBLES.

BY PROFESSOR LAHRABEE.

## THE CITY OF PEACE-MAKERS.

THAT was a strange whim in the commodore who called a newly-invented instrument of war and of death a *peace-maker*. But if instruments for burning powder and firing balls be peace-makers, then Springfield should by pre-eminence be called the city, or, rather, the village of *Peace-Makers*.

We arrived at Springfield late in the evening. Early in the morning we arose, and started for a ramble. The place had so materially changed in twenty years as to defy my recollection of its localities. But change is not always improvement. The place is very much larger than it was before the day of railroads. But to me it appeared less neat and beautiful. The fences are decaying, the garden gates unhinged, and the yards and gardens neglected. It might be made one of the most delightful spots on earth. Its situation, on the immediate banks of the Connecticut, is one of great beauty. But the people surely exhibit indications of singular deficiency in the taste for the beautiful, which usually distinguishes New England.

Having walked over the lower village, we ascended the hill, for a ramble over the grounds, and among the workshops and storehouses of that notable personage, *U. S.* The old gentleman was not up thus early in the morning, and most of his servants were yet too sleepy to pay much attention to two ramblers like us. So we roamed at will over the grounds, looking through the windows into the vast storehouses of musketry, and entering occasionally through the open doors into the shops, and observing the tools and the materials of the workmen, who had not yet arrived. Having seen all that was visible on the plain, we entered through a small gate partly open, a path that led to the brow of the hill, from which we might have a fine view of the village, the valley of the Connecticut, and the long and magnificent ranges of hills in the north and the west. We had completed our observations, and were quietly returning, when we were rudely met and superciliously insulted by an ill-looking foreigner, who could scarcely speak passable English, and ordered off the lot. There was nothing on the whole lot to be injured, except grass, and not enough of that to furnish breakfast for a good-sized grasshopper. We told the chap we were the sovereign people of the United States, and owners of that whole establishment, and he had better be careful how he attempted to exercise authority over us. Finding us hard, and somewhat queer customers, he wisely made off, and left us quietly to pursue our ramble.

This, by the way, was the only occasion on which, during a ramble of four thousand miles, we met with rudeness. We met all kinds of people, in all kinds of places, and under all kinds of

circumstances; we rambled over a part of ten states, besides the Canadas; and in Springfield only, on the grounds of the United States Armory, did we detect the slightest appearance of rudeness. It may be questionable how far the United States should employ low, ill-bred foreigners, to domineer in a small and annoying way over its own sovereign citizens.

## THE MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

Though I had made, many years ago, an excursion to the White Mountains, yet a new mode of reaching their base and a new route of ascent having been opened, I projected, with my traveling companion, another excursion to them, and a ramble over them. Formerly the White Mountains were several days' journey from any place. Now they are only a few hours' travel from almost any point in New England. Railroads in their progress defy mountains and valleys alike. The Atlantic and St. Lawrence road runs within twelve miles of the summit of Mount Washington, the highest of the range. Taking the cars at Portland, we were borne rapidly along the sea-shore to Yarmouth, up the valley of the Royal's river to Danville, over the plains of Poland to Paris, through the rocky defiles to Bethel, and up the fair, the beautiful Androscoggin to the Gorham Station-House. Gorham is nearly one hundred miles from Portland, but the distance is passed so rapidly and so quietly that it seems but a morning walk. The Station-House is a large and convenient hotel, in a beautiful and romantic position. The Androscoggin winds along a lovely valley, amid rough and rocky hills. On the west appear in full view the lofty peaks of the mountain-range, toward which the traveler, if he be a man of taste and of energy, will lose no time in making his way.

From the Station-House to the base of Mount Washington, a distance of seven miles, there is opened a passable road, running along the valley of Peabody river. Tourists usually ride in carriages to the base, and then ascend the mountain either on foot or on horseback; but we felt singularly ambitious to walk from the Androscoggin to the base of the mountain, up to the summit, over the entire range, and down the western slope to the Sacó. The feat seemed Herculean, but we had acquired, by our summer rambles, so much vigor and elastic energy that we felt equal to a walk to the north pole. So on we started, in cheerful spirits and with unfaltering step, for the wild and romantic region.

Having most of the long summer afternoon before us, we had no occasion to hurry our walk up the valley of Peabody river. We leisurely rambled along, stopping to pick berries by the wayside, and often descending to the pebbly bed of the shoal and rapid river to pick up a geological specimen. Sometimes we were delighted with the music of a waterfall, as the river, in some shady glen, made its way over the rocks. Then would we clamber down the banks, and, seated on the smooth,



water-worn rock, watch the rushing waters and the iris-colored spray. At sunset we reached the house, where tourists are entertained, at the base of the mountain. From this point the sunset view is glorious. All around you rise the mountains, their peaks brilliantly lighted up by the sunset rays, while on their sides are gathering the shades, and in their gloomy ravines the blackness of night.

We arose in the morning early for our day's exploit of ascending, crossing, and descending the mountain-range. It was a beautiful, clear summer morning. Not a cloud was seen in all the sky. The mountain-tops appeared remarkably distinct and bold in the clear sunlight of morning. We plunged into the woods along a new-made path, and immediately began our toilsome ascent. For some three miles our way was up, up, up, through a dense forest of firs. As we ascended, the trees grew smaller, till they were reduced to mere dwarfs. At last they disappeared altogether, and nothing remained but the bleak and bare rock. Still for some two miles more our way led up, up, up, over the rocks, and along the craggy precipices. As we ascended, our position and our horizon constantly changing, the view presented to us every possible phase. All around arose mountains of every shape and size. A few rods of ascent would bring within our visual horizon a new series of hills, with new features. Before us, however, still towered, in solitary grandeur, the lofty peak of Washington, to which we were upward tending.

About ten o'clock we succeeded in reaching the topmost peak, and in planting our foot firmly on the solid foundation of granite, which forms the summit, as well as the sides and the base of these magnificent hills. We were the earliest comers for that day, and for an hour or more we had the pleasure of appropriating the whole landscape to ourselves. And what a landscape! For miles and miles around us rose innumerable mountains, huddled together, with deep and narrow valleys between them. Their tops, looking to heaven's azure, were naked, and bleached by the storms of sixty centuries. Their sides were clothed with dark and somber evergreens. Along their sides appeared in many places deep and broad furrows, running from near the summit to the base, and often extending far into the plain or valley at the base. These were the paths of the avalanche. Down these places there rushed at some time, no one knows when, it may be many hundred years ago, a mingled mass of earth and stones, sweeping before it every living thing. Naked, drear, treeless, and herbless appear these places where Ruin has driven her plowshare.

From the lofty peak of Washington you look down on numberless valleys and ravines, that separate different ranges or individual hills of the same range. Dark, gloomy, and grim they appear. In those dreary ravines no sound of human footstep was ever heard. No adventurous huntsman would dare so far rely on human strength as to attempt an

expedition over the precipitous mountain-sides to the depths of solitude at the base. To look down among those dark woods and into those gloomy glens makes the hair stand erect on the coolest head.

Though the sky was perfectly clear when we left the valley of Peabody river in the morning, yet before we reached the summit, light, misty clouds were floating in the air. As we were standing on the peak, the cloud would sweep along the sky, and envelop us in darkness. Soon it would pass over, and we would stand watching it as it receded, and threw its shadow on the mountain-side, or dashed against the top of a neighboring hill and concealed it utterly from view. Sometimes an immense cloud, heavy with mist, would settle over a great extent of the neighboring mountain landscape, concealing it entirely from our view. Presently, through some atmospheric change, the cloud would gradually rise, and disclose to our view first the valleys, then the sides, and lastly the summits of the mountains. The landscape thus seen under the cloud exhibited a singular appearance. The contrast between the brilliant sunlight of the peak on which we stood, and the dense shade thrown from the cloud on the neighboring region, was peculiarly striking.

As the clouds cleared away, the distant view from the mountain became glorious. I looked toward the south, and there meandered the Saco, through smiling valleys and evergreen plains, toward the ocean, whose mirrory surface could be just descried in the shadowy distance. I looked toward the east, and there, along a green valley, between rugged hills, gleamed the Androscoggin, along whose banks might be seen rushing the rapid steam-car. I looked toward the north, and there appeared hill, valley, and plain, till the view was lost on the misty shores of the St. Lawrence. I looked toward the west, and there appeared the Connecticut, with its Green Mountain banks; and far beyond I caught, through the mountain passes, glimpses of a fairy landscape basking in the summer sunlight. Long and intently gazed I on that western prospect; for I knew in that direction lay the fair land of my home. I was thinking of my home, of my cottage in the orchard, and of my summer bower amidst the evergreens, where my children might then be whiling away the pleasant hour, when my reverie was disturbed by the arrival of other visitors.

Though we were the first to reach the summit on that day, yet we were not allowed long to monopolize the whole mountain with its boundless prospect. There came up parties of gentlemen and of ladies from the eastern, the western, and the northern slope of the mountain. They came mostly on horseback, straggling along and clambering up the devious and steep bridle-path, which had been, at immense expense, prepared from each of the hotels in the neighborhood to the mountain. When all had arrived, the number was nearly one hundred. Among them was the French minister,

bringing a letter of introduction to all persons who might be assembled that day on Mount Washington from Daniel Webster. Lots of the gentlemen and ladies hastened up to the august presence of the distinguished Frenchman to receive a personal introduction. Being very diffident, and not liking the unshaved face of the plenipotentiary, I kept at a respectful distance. My awe, however, was greatly lessened, and my self-possession quite restored, when I saw the ministerial dignitary standing upon a rock, opening wide his mouth, and thrusting into it a big slice of bread and butter, as would any plebeian boy. I perceived that he was after all only a man, differing from other men chiefly in being unshaved.

Some hours were spent on the mountain, the company dispersing into parties, or rambling about singly in search of curiosities and views. Before leaving the summit on our descent, the whole multitude assembled, and united in singing, to the tune of *Old Hundred*, the beautiful hymn:

"From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land by every tongue.  
Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing,  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Savior's name.  
In every land begin the song,  
To every land the strains belong;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise."

There was in the scene much of sublimity—a hundred voices singing, on the summit of the White Mountains, an anthem of praise to the Creator. The old rocks seemed started at so unusual sounds. The roar of the tempest, the crash of the thunder, and perhaps the scream of the eagle, had often been heard echoing along those rocky heights, but never before had so sweet sounds, sounds of music and of praise, risen from that bleak and barren peak. Having remained till near two o'clock on the mountain, we began the descent. For about a mile from the summit the descent on the western side is steep and difficult. The path then runs along on the ridge of the mountain-range for some four or five miles. Along this ridge we have a fine prospect in every direction, the view constantly changing as we proceed. Indeed, from many points along the route the view is more pleasant than from the summit of Washington. Reaching the western extremity of the ridge, we plunge into the woods, and descend rapidly along a good bridle-path for some two or three miles, to the sources of the Saco.

The descent proved to us more fatiguing than the ascent. The distance from the summit to the western base is nearly twice as far as to the eastern. The latter part of the descent became, to us, who had walked up the whole length of the Peabody valley, climbed to the summit of Washington, rambled for hours around the peak, and then tramped along the whole range, exceedingly difficult. The

knees grew faint, and we had often to stop for rest. The way was growing discouraging. It was down, down, down, through thick woods. We began to think the base of the mountain had fallen out, when suddenly we emerged from the dense and somber forest into a most delightful valley. It was a delicate and perfect gem in a magnificent setting. To the weary and thirsty traveler no oasis in the midst of the Syrian desert ever appeared more opportune than did to us that cozy little paradise. Our task was ended, our feat was accomplished. Before us lay, sleeping in the quiet sunlight of summer evening, the little lake forming the source of the Saco. And within a few rods of the spot where first we emerged from the woods stood a neat, large, and commodious dwelling, where we might find refreshment and rest. Well, I am quite satisfied with that day's exploit. A walk from the eastern base to the summit of the White Mountains, along the ridge of the whole range, and down to the western base, on an August day, will do for one of my ambition.

On the following morning we started on our return to the world. We might get back by retracing our steps over the mountain. But we had enough of that exercise for one season. So we took passage by stage over a new route around the mountains on the north side. Arriving at a changing-place on the route, I and my companion, who had rambled with me thus far, separated; he returning to the west by Quebec, Montreal, and Niagara, and I by Portland, Boston, and the New York and Erie railroad. The place of separation was a very dull and uninteresting hamlet among the mountains. The morning was rainy. As the stage in which I returned drove away from the little tavern, my friend stood on the door-step in the rain, looking sadly at me. I must confess the scene was too much for the buoyant fortitude of which I had just been boasting. We had traveled together over the plains of Indiana and of Ohio, over the Lake, and along the enchanting scenery of the Erie railroad; we had together rambled over Greenwood, New York, New Haven, Middletown, Boston, Portland, and along the sea-shore; we had made many excursions along the Kennebec and the Androscoggin, and had met with some amusing adventures; and we had climbed in company over the White Mountains. He was a gentleman of accomplished education, of fine taste, of delicate sensibility, and of most estimable spirit. He had never before been beyond the boundaries of the valley of the Ohio. Every thing on the way, the mountains, the ocean, and particularly every thing of *New England*, was new to him. I became much interested in observing how New England scenery would strike a man of taste and education, but who had never seen any other scenery than that of the Ohio. His presence had, indeed, become necessary to me; and I saw not how I could without him enjoy any more rambles. I must confess, therefore, that for that day, the next day, and for several

successive days, the landscape wore a shade of sadness, a tinge of melancholy. I began to conclude that, fond as I had been of solitude, yet, after all, "two are better than one." "Single blessedness" is no great blessing. The heart must have something to love, something on which to rely. Sad and lonely is the eternal echo of its own tones in its vacant chambers, while the note which should find its answer in the heart of another is untouched.

## THE MANIAC.

BY REV. B. F. CHART, A. M.

My heart yet shudders as I think of her—once loved, and beautiful, and pious, now blighted, withered, frenzied, lost. Once a gay and bright maiden; then a subdued and devoted Christian, a wife, a mother; and then a sufferer, a criminal, a maniac. She passed through all these phases so suddenly, and hastened so quickly from the brightest joys to the deepest gloom of despair, that I wondered at the rapid transition; and often have I involuntarily prayed for the poor unfortunate Louisa H., as my mind recurred to her sad history.

Though now an inmate of our state asylum for the insane, I will not intrude upon the sanctity of the family circle if I detail some of the fearful steps of her brief career. Poor Louisa! she has had but little peace or rest since her entrance in this world of sin and sorrow, and probably enjoys as much now in the hallucinations of delirium as she did when her too sensitive soul dwelt upon the unmitigated horrors of real life. Such it was to her. No flowers for years grew in her path, no joy thrilled her soul, no friendship relieved her wants. The public eye knew not, pitied not her condition, till a tragedy—a fearful tragedy—roused the people, and then Louisa was a *maniac*. True, she once gathered flowers in the wild woods; she once gamboled on the lawn, and sang responses merrily to the birds she loved. But when she entered life as an individual, she found her path a thorny one. O, could we get the true history of that wandering spirit pent up in its prison-house of clay, and madly looking out on a hated world, we would hear a story that fiction never surpassed—a tale of wrong and blood, of crushed hopes and reckless brutality, of unmitigated wretchedness and wild blasphemy, of savage rage and proud defiance, of exquisite revenge and terrible retribution, such as earth only can produce and hell only excite! Through trackless realms of despair poor Louisa walks; but we hope, we pray, that God would pity, and pardon, and save, and that the wanderer may return to rest when life gives place to immortality.

I may here give the key that unlocks the mystery hanging around the haggard form of the wretched subject of this sketch—*her father was a*

*common drunkard*. He was an important character in the village near which he lived, and was the most noted fighter of the county of R. in his day. Half drunk, he was a host in his way, and would quarrel, and swear, and raise fights, and, being a most expert pugilist, would engage in them with evident gusto, and hence was universally respected (?) and dreaded. He was the hero of every patriotic row, and the soul of every training-day's entertainment. Politicians were ready to court his favor, and his notorious powers made him the object of village gossip for days after elections. The common rendezvous of bacchanals—the village dram-shop—was never fairly graced, and never attractive to the patriotic posterity of revolutionary sires, till the fiery H. had arrived.

While, however, the rumseller, and the groveling office-seeker, and the town loafer, and the county bully, all rejoiced in the friendship of this profane and drunken blackguard, they forgot the place where his meek wife and lovely daughter lived and suffered. When sober he was kind, industrious, and frugal, and made a good living, as it was said. But when drunk he was a demon-incarnate; and going home in a fury, he would beat his wife, abuse his children, and perform all other acts and deeds which common drunkards do in such cases.

A change took place, which for a while turned the current of affairs, and altered somewhat the hitherto unvarying misery of H.'s family. The Methodists had a small society at R., and at a quarterly meeting some years ago a great revival took place. Scores of sinners of all classes were brought into the Church, and converted to God. It was one of those revivals which make a marked impression on society. The very foundations of the wicked were torn from under them, and for many days there was weeping, praying, shouting in the now changed and happy R. The adjacent country partook of the heavenly blessing, and flocked to the mercy-seat, and many, very many, were made happy in a Savior's love. Among the converts were H. and his family. He professed to experience the pardoning favor of God; his wife, too, bowed to Jesus with her loved husband; and in humble contrition they forgot all their troubles, and sought only to glorify God. Louisa was converted. Now she was happy. She seemed to be in a new world. Old things had passed away—all things had become new—a new father, a new mother, a new home, and a new heart. No wonder she shouted, as she often did, when she told in class or in love-feast the simple story of her salvation. She was a beautiful girl. Her temper subdued by grace, her soul kindled into raptures, her voice raised in song, she presented a fair picture. He who was her pastor then told the writer, that a more lovely and interesting girl did not belong to the Church at that time than this rejoicing young convert. Her sweet voice was frequently heard in prayer in the public congregation; and many predicted a happy future for the unfortunate girl.

The family altar was erected in the reformed drunkard's house; a family Bible was purchased; and a few halycon days passed over the cottage dwellers. The itinerant minister visited and prayed with the happy circle, and every thing seemed to indicate a thorough reformation of the courageous and passionate H.

Half a year had gone since this great change was wrought, and still the skies over Louisa were bright; but clouds were gathering, and soon the green, beautiful world in which she dwelt was to be blackened, scorched, blighted, and she a wandering, lost one, to be raving amid its curses.

I would be glad to stop here, and leave that family in the enjoyment of hope, and peace, and pardon; but I feel that the truth ought to be told in this case, and sorrowfully I proceed to my task.

H. had long shunned the dram-shop. No inducement had been sufficient to lead to the fatal stall where cruel men murder souls as well as bodies. He became strong in his self-confidence, after months of trial; and at last yielded so far the rigid determination of his mind as to go for some trifling article to the deathful den of Beelzebub's hated minion. He went too far. He went to the charmed circle; he went from the guardian angel which kept him; he dragged himself from under the shadow of the Almighty's wings, and fell within the black, baleful shade of Erebus; he went to the gates of perdition; he went to the mouth of the pit; he climbed to the burning crater's edge; he made a truce with his archenemy, and forgot that he was a Christian; he took one dram—only one—one cup from the demon's hands—one cup of burning poison—one lethean draught—one long draught of liquid woe and death; he was ruined, murdered, damned.

I need say no more about his downward course. He went from home in the morning a kind, Christian father; he came to that home at night a fool, a brute, a fiend. The change in Eden was scarcely greater. The transition was so violent that poor Louisa lost her self-possession in the bitter grief of that frightful night, when she felt herself to be again a drunkard's daughter. She finally sought relief from the blasphemous carousals of her father's house in matrimony.

She had loved a gay young man; she now married him. A few months revealed to her shattered mind the fact that her husband was a drunkard—not an every-day drunkard, but a tippler. She knew too well the course of such a man, and day and night sought to turn from the path of ruin her husband. But, alas! he was too far gone; and all her pleadings only alienated his now blunted affections; and at last, poverty-stricken, brutalized, and vicious, he fled from his wretched home, and left his helpless wife with an infant to stem the raging storm now bursting around her. What could she do now? What refuge could she find? She must either work for a subsistence for herself and child, with feeble health and a broken heart, or she must

return to be the companion of her abused mother, and share that abuse for the sake of bread. Necessity forced her to the latter alternative, and she was once more at home. O, what a home! No altar there to God; no prayer, except when she stealthily sought God in secret; no peace, except when the raging madman and infuriate beast, her father, was from home or asleep.

In the yawning abyss of intemperance had sunk all of her hopes and happiness, and the hell-invented beverage had destroyed all she prized on earth. Again and again had she heard her father's curses pour on her pious mother's head. Time after time had she seen his brawny fist strike her mother's loved face. More than once had she beheld that mother's bleeding form, and heard that mother's wail. Murder, lust, blasphemy, rage, horrible brutality—these were her daily companions. If she sought relief in prayer, her mother sobbing in another room would arouse her nature and tear her heart.

Grossly deceived, villainously abandoned, cruelly abused, and dwelling in such a place, she at last sunk under her accumulated sufferings, and every smile was gone; and now moody silence marked her demeanor. She spoke but little; seemed in deep thought, as if pondering some mighty enigma, or planning some supernatural deed which would deliver her from the fires burning around her.

Each recurring day made her prospects more gloomy; and now she thought of defending her mother from the attacks of her brutal father, and of doing something which would relieve her, at least for a time, from the mighty burden weighing on her heart. One day in a drunken fit her father had, as usual, bruised and beaten her mother in a most shocking manner. The poor girl, delirious now with one consuming desire of revenge and deliverance, gazed fixedly on the loved being who had always been her friend—her only earthly friend—and, while her clinched hands, her gnashing teeth, her wild look, made her words ominous, said, in a subdued yet resolute tone, "I will kill him if he beats mother again!"

The opportunity does not long delay. A yell from her inebriated father rouses the family circle near the close of day, and cursing and furious from the village human slaughter-pen he comes to rage, and beat, and break hearts again in his own desolate home. Soon he begins his usual work, and, maddened to the last degree, rushed upon his feeble and retreating wife. Louisa saw the fell monster again with his bloody hand beating and mangling her mother's features; and now, snatching an ax from its place, she hastened to avenge and defend her mother. She struck one blow; she laughed; she looked. Her father was insensible. Again she laughed one loud, wild, vengeful laugh, and, with the eager violence of the tiger, completed the work of death. She looked and laughed again. Her father was dead!

Poor Louisa! she was mad. She lived to be



tried for her life, to sit and hear the story told before a jury, and hear the pleadings of eloquent counsel. She was cleared, of course; and now, in one of the wards of our insane asylum, she lives still—a maniac.

Kind reader, have you a heart to pity or pray? Then now, while you finish this article in your loved Repository, ask God to bless the poor inebriate's wife and daughters. I do not write fiction. My heart now swells, and the tears now flow from my eyes, while I ask you to pray for poor Louisa. I had once a charge in which her mother was a member, and I have been frequently in the ward where she is confined. But I tell the tale of the million; and if by writing this I could get ten thousand pious females to pray, while they read these closing lines, for the drunkards' families of this land, I shall do some good; and while you pray, do not forget Louisa H., the maniac.

## LETTER FROM THE EAST.

BY JONATHAN.

Woman's Rights Convention—Proceedings—Aims—Sufferings of women in large cities—Moral results—Reformatory measures—Conventions—Multiplication of employments for women—Miss Blackwell—Medical School in Boston—Legislative Report on Female Medical Education—Philadelphia School—Ladies Medical Missionary Society—School of Design.

MA. EDITOR.—My occasional communications, though in the style of letters, have pretended somewhat to the character of essays, and have, at times, attempted quite soberly to dissertate on grave subjects. They have, in fact, assumed the familiarity of the epistolary form chiefly as a relief to their topics. Most of these topics have been such as I have deemed interesting to the class of readers for whom your magazine is especially designed—the ladies. I propose in the present article to notice a subject of this character, which I hope will not fail to secure their attention; namely, the agitation and schemes rife in this part of the country for the amelioration of the condition of woman.

One of these measures—that which has excited most public remark, if it has not been most productive of good results—is the annual "Woman's Rights Convention." Two of these conventions have been held at Worcester, in Massachusetts, within the last two years. The proceedings of the last have not yet been published; but those of the preceding session have appeared in a substantial pamphlet of nearly a hundred pages, and have not failed of an impression on a portion of the public mind.

These conventions call together many eccentric and *outré* characters, who have introduced into them no small amount of extravagance, and afforded the wags of the press a vast deal of "fun;" but it can not be denied that they also enlist much talent and energy, and patrons who represent the

"wealth and standing" of our people. The proceedings of very few of our public bodies can compare with the last published report of the Worcester Woman's Rights Convention. It is not only well written, but eloquently, classically, and powerfully written. I have been surprised at the talented and really sensible character of the speeches delivered on the occasion, both those of female and male speakers. It can not be doubted that the women engaged in this movement comprise some of the most energetic and polished of their sex in New England.

What are these reformers aiming at? Their discussions range over a large field. They are not content with the historical and only sure process of reform—the abatement of evils by a gradual treatment, and one by one—but propose a comprehensive and decisive revolution of the relative position of woman. According to the programme of their deliberations, the general question of woman's rights and relations comprehends these: Her EDUCATION, literary, scientific, and artistic; her AVOCATIONS, industrial, commercial, and professional; her INTERESTS, pecuniary, civil, and political: in a word, her RIGHTS as an individual, and her FUNCTIONS as a citizen.

Paulina Davis, who presided—said to be an "elegant lady," and one evidently of extraordinary ability—declared, in her really eloquent opening address:

"The reformation which we purpose, in its utmost scope, is radical and universal. It is not the mere perfecting of a progress already in motion, a detail of some established plan, but it is an epochal movement—the emancipation of a class, the redemption of half the world, and a conforming reorganization of all social, political, and industrial interests and institutions. Moreover, it is a movement without example among the enterprises of associated reformations, for it has no purpose of arming the oppressed against the oppressor, or of separating the parties, or of setting up independence, or of severing the relations of either. Its intended changes are to be wrought in the intimate texture of all society organizations, without violence, or any form of antagonism. It seeks to replace the worn-out with the living and beautiful, so as to reconstruct without overturning, and to regenerate without destroying; and nothing of the spirit, tone, temper, or method of insurrection is proper or allowable to us and our work."

The political scope of their designs may be more fully estimated by the following resolutions, introduced by Wendell Philips, Esq., who is esteemed the most eloquent man of New England:

"Resolved, That every human being of full age, and resident for a proper length of time on the soil of the nation, who is required to obey law, is entitled to a voice in its enactments; that every such person, whose property or labor is taxed for the support of government, is entitled to a direct share in such government; therefore,

"Resolved, That women are clearly entitled to the right of suffrage, and to be considered eligible to office; the omission to demand which, on her part, is a palpable recreancy to duty; and the denial of which is a gross usurpation, on the part of man, no longer to be endured; and that every party which claims to represent the humanity, civilization, and progress of the age, is bound to inscribe on its banners, Equality before the law, without distinction of sex or color.

"Resolved, That political rights acknowledge no sex, and, therefore, the word 'male' should be stricken from every state constitution.

"Resolved, That the laws of property, as affecting married parties, demand a thorough revision, so that all rights may be equal between them; that the wife may have, during life, an equal control over the property gained by their mutual toil and sacrifices, be heir to her husband precisely to the extent that he is heir to her, and entitled, at her death, to dispose by will of the same share of the joint property as he is."

While these schemes will be pronounced chimerical by most of your readers, they are hardly aware, perhaps, especially those who reside in the west, where the means of subsistence abound, how many and painful provocatives for reformatory measures, in respect to the condition of the sex, exist in our denser communities and throughout Europe. Unquestionably the most deplorable sufferings in the civilized world at present are connected with the position of woman. In the new world she enjoys many reliefs not known in the old; but even here, and even in New England, her sufferings are often intolerable, exemplifying the heart-rending picture of Hood's "Song of the Shirt." Thousands, in our large cities, are crowded into upper chambers and garrets, are poorly clad, poorly attended in sickness, are unable to procure work much of the time, and, when they obtain it, are paid for it at rates which hardly afford them the fare of our states prisons. Alas! how few of your readers, in their beautiful western homes, know how to sympathize with these numerous and wretched sufferers!

Such physical privation and miseries lead to vast moral evils; and this is the most deplorable, the most pitiable feature in the dark picture of woman's condition in our larger communities. Some of the ladies who addressed the Worcester Convention spoke out emphatically on this subject, and adduced authentic facts sufficient to appal a Christian audience. Writers of England and France give demonstrative proof that female vice in those countries is chiefly attributable to want. Mayhew, of London, in his work on "London Labor and London Poor," furnishes overwhelming proofs of the fact. The Edinburg Review says, "We believe, on our honor, that nine out of ten originally modest women who fall from virtue, fall from motives or feelings in which sensuality and self have no share. Ay, we believe that hard necessity, that grinding poverty, that actual want, induced by

their scanty resources, drive them to vice." A French writer on the subject—Duchatelet—makes, in an elaborate treatise, a similar affirmation respecting the women of Paris.

I will not enlarge on this painful topic. The urgent question is, What are the right remedial measures? Let me attempt a partial answer at least.

And, first, I am not prepared to say that these female conventions, with all their absurdities, may not be useful. They tend, at least, to arrest the public attention, and direct it to the condition of the sex. I have hitherto joined in the common ridicule of such assemblies; but I confess that, on reading their proceedings, I am compelled to respect their motives and their ability. They may continue to be the occasion of much newspaper sarcasm; but be assured there is an energy in this movement which can not fail of practical result; and it is to be hoped that public opinion will check its extravagances and direct its unquestionable power. The intermingling of a few more judicious and guiding minds in these annual assemblies might turn them to most valuable account.

But a more important relief would be the appropriation to the sex of more varied and more remunerative employments. Duchatelet says:

"Of all causes of female vice in Paris, and probably in all large towns, there are none more influential than the want of work and indigence resulting from insufficient earnings. What are the earnings of our laundresses, our seamstresses, our milliners? Compare the wages of the most skillful with the more ordinary and moderately able, and we shall see if it be possible for these latter to provide even the strict necessities of life. And if we further compare the prices of their labor with that of others less skillful, we shall cease to wonder that so large a number fall into irregularities, thus made inevitable! This state of things has a natural tendency to increase in the actual state of our affairs, in consequence of the usurpation by men of a large class of occupations, which it would be more honorable in our sex to resign to the other. Is it not shameful, for example, to see in Paris thousands of men in the prime of their age in shops and warehouses, leading a sedentary and effeminate life, which is only suitable for women?"

Yes, Monsieur Duchatelet, it is "shameful" to see in France "thousands of men" thus effeminating mind and body in such indoor employments; but how much more "shameful" is it to find this unmanly conduct here in America—here where no excess of population can be pleaded as an apology for it, and where the more masculine spheres of industry, especially the noblest of them all—agriculture—present almost illimitable opportunities! It is a double misfortune—a misfortune to the actual employees, and a misfortune to the rightful but excluded ones—that our young men, even to the number of hundreds of thousands, should be occupied as salesmen, book-keepers,

compositors, tailors, copyists, engravers, subordinate teachers, etc. In this country, at least, the philanthropic reformers, and public opinion itself, should go to work in good earnest to revolutionize this state of things. Nothing can be clearer than the fact, that domestic life, in our civic condition, does not furnish sufficient occupation for the comfortable subsistence of the large female proportion of the population—a proportion which in western Europe and this country amounts to nearly a moiety, but the industrial employments of which are limited almost to household duties or the needle. The greatest vices of our civilization can be traced to this fact. It is not only morally disastrous, in many respects, but a really barbarous disgrace to enlightened states. To any one who knows the rates of wages and the intolerable sufferings of the masses of poor women in our large cities, it must be a matter of profound amazement and bitter indignation, that the loud-mouthed philanthropy of the day has so little to say in behalf of these most pitiable but most neglected sufferers. The investigations occasionally made in our large communities are, however, beginning to have effect. Duchatelet in Paris, Mayhew in London, and frequent disclosures in this country, have startled the Christian sense of the times, and it will not be surprising if, before many years, a general *revolutionary* reform in the respect I have indicated—a vacation of a large class of feminine occupations by the male sex for the rightful *employées*—should be not only proposed, but successfully prosecuted.

Such a reform would have one advantage in which most others fail, and which has the most potent influence on public opinion. It could not only appeal to the public mind with the most affecting considerations of pathos, which are associated with woman's feebleness, her virtues, and her sufferings, but it could *root* from their feminine spheres the present male *employées* with the scourge of a resistless satire. An English writer declares that religion and the English power have failed to break up the Hindoo caste; but he does not despair; the most effectual means, he says, yet remains to be tried—some form of satire which shall stamp the custom with ridicule. Bring the same means to bear in the present case, and you can not fail of success. Let the young men of our land be shamed from these occupations; let them be pointed to the boundless agricultural resources of the country, and the innumerable and constantly increasing manly enterprises of the day; and, at the same time, let them be pointed to the dependence, the sufferings of woman, and then let them retain their feminine employments if they dare.

Duchatelet's scornful complaint is more applicable to this country than even to France. In the latter it is not at all uncommon for females to act as book-keepers and sales-women. France, with her peculiar politeness, if not sympathy for the sex, has excelled all other lands in providing varied occupations for it. There has lately appeared in

our own country a disposition to imitate her in one most important respect. I refer to the medical education of woman. Miss Blackwell, who, I believe, has been a contributor to your columns, has, by her own personal energy, prosecuted a thorough course of medical studies in this country and in Europe, and, by her successful example, has excited no little emulation among her country-women. She has opened an office in New York city, and will, I doubt not, win her way to distinction in the profession. Her example I consider of more than even national importance. If she proceeds as she has begun, it will have effect on her sex generally.

Already two female medical colleges have been organized in this country—one in Philadelphia, the other in Boston. The latter owes its origin chiefly to the exertions of Samuel Gregory, Esq., a gentleman who has lectured on the practicability and advantages of female medical education through a large portion of New England, and always with success. In 1850 our Legislature incorporated the institution; and last year the Legislative Committee on Education presented an able and elaborate report in favor of the objects of the society, and of a grant of five thousand dollars in aid of its funds. The testimony of this Legislative Committee will be more influential than any thing I can say in favor of the measure. I give you a few passages from their report, which now lies before me. Of its designs and character they say:

"The objects of the society are, to provide for and promote the education of females as professional attendants upon their own sex, in the duties of midwifery, and in the treatment of the diseases of women and children; also, to educate nurses of the sick, and, incidentally, to diffuse physiological, sanitary, and curative knowledge among the female portion of the community generally. As a means of accomplishing these objects, a Female Medical School has been in operation in this city for the past two and a half years—the sixth semi-annual term being about to commence [now closed.] The pupils of the School have numbered above fifty, [now above sixty,] and have come from all the New England states, New York, and Ohio.

"To place the institution in a condition to afford a more thorough education of the kind than is now attainable, by either sex, at any medical college in this country, the society propose, as soon as funds permit, to establish, in connection with the school, a hospital, which shall possess the economical advantage of accommodating large numbers of charity and other patients, and at the same time affording the pupils ample opportunities for *practice*, in nursing the sick, and in the treatment of the diseases peculiar to females. Two years ago, a lady, having been graduated at one of the medical schools of our country, deemed it necessary to go to Europe to *complete* her education. The Directors of this society, we are assured, have



in view no other than the highest standard of qualification for these departments of practice—attainments, in some respects, much superior to those of the young men who graduate at our medical schools.

"It is obvious that females possess a great advantage in obtaining this kind of education, especially the practical part of it; for, in addition to their intuitive perceptions, they can readily accumulate knowledge by mingling freely with patients of their own sex, and enjoying an unreserved frankness of communication, which would be impossible in the case of male students."

Having presented historical facts, medical authorities, and arguments at length in favor of each of the objects of the society, the committee proceed as follows:

"If it has been shown that the *objects* contemplated are good, it may be asked, Is the association named, a safe and suitable medium or instrumentality by which to accomplish these objects? In the opinion of the committee, it is. It already numbers over sixteen hundred members, [now above two thousand,] among whom are many prominent individuals, resident in the various cities and towns of the state. Two hundred of these members have contributed one thousand dollars, in sums of five dollars each, [over three hundred have now given five dollars each;] and about thirty have constituted themselves life members, by paying the fee of twenty dollars each. The present officers of the society are gentlemen of intelligence, judgment, and well-known responsibility. The fact that, in this early period of its existence, the society has raised near five thousand dollars, mostly in small sums, to carry forward its operations, and that so many hundreds of intelligent and judicious persons, of both sexes, have given it their aid and influence, indicates a general and cordial interest in the success of the enterprise. Indeed, there seems to be, about the whole movement, a degree of vitality, energy, and disinterested earnestness that at once commands confidence, and gives assurance of complete, ultimate success."

I have been the more particular in my remarks and quotations respecting this measure, because I deem it of inexpressible importance—the leading idea, in fine, among the late schemes for the amelioration of the condition and employments of women among us. I wish to make it fully known to western women; they will all lift up their hands for it as an inestimable blessing in more than one respect. This project, having now fairly got under way, can not fail of success—it will be reproduced in all the principal cities of the country; and, in less than a quarter of a century, will not only revolutionize, in a most desirable respect, the treatment of female patients, but give professional and highly honorable employment to thousands of women. The Philadelphia school, like that of Boston, meets with decided success. A late number of the *Ladies' Book* says: "'The Female Medical College of

Pennsylvania' was incorporated in 1849, and opened at Philadelphia in 1850. During these two years it has numbered about sixty students in all, though a number were only attendants on particular branches. Its plan of studies and lectures corresponds with those of the male medical colleges in this city; its students are very assiduous, and give promise of much usefulness; and several are expected to graduate at the close of the present session."

A new measure, somewhat auxiliary to this medical project, has recently been commenced by influential ladies in Philadelphia, chiefly under the auspices of Mrs. Hale, the authoress. It is called the "*Ladies' Medical Missionary Society*." An impressive appeal has been issued by it, explaining its designs, arguing most decisively in favor of female medical education, and discussing especially the advantages of such an education to *female missionaries*. I hope your lady readers are too deeply impressed with the importance of my subject to tire of the minute information which I am endeavoring to lay before them. It is desirable that it should not be reviewed with a vague glance, but detailed in such a manner that when they conclude this article they shall know somewhat precisely the character and measure of the topics discussed. I must take the liberty, then, of referring with some particularity to this new scheme. In connection with the others mentioned, it may furnish an example for imitation in other parts of the country. The wide circulation of your magazine, and the Christian character of most of your readers, inspire me, as I proceed, with the hope that I am not doing a useless work, in my attempt to spread out before some fifty thousand American women these practicable and really noble schemes. The circular of this new society says:

"This appeal, which '*The Ladies' Medical Missionary Society*' now makes to the Christian public, is mainly in aid of preparing the wives of missionaries to act as physicians for the women and children among whom their station, either domestic or foreign, may be found. And, more important still, we wish to aid in educating pious unmarried ladies who may be willing to go out as medical missionaries. What a blessing to a mission family to be accompanied by a competent female physician, who would be an adviser as well as comforter in the hour of sickness! She might act as teacher till called to her profession; and, though she would practice gratuitously among the poor in heathen lands, yet, when an entrance was gained to the more wealthy, she would doubtless receive rich presents, and be able to assist, materially, the cause of missions. All heathen people have a high reverence for medical knowledge. Should they find Christian ladies accomplished in this science, would it not greatly raise the sex in the estimation of those nations, where one of the most serious impediments to moral improvement is the degradation and ignorance to which their females have been for



centuries consigned? Vaccination is difficult of introduction among the people of the east, though suffering dreadfully from the ravages of the small-pox. The American missionary at Siam writes that thousands of children were, last year, swept away by this disease in the country around him. Female physicians could win their way among these poor children much easier than doctors of the other sex. Surely the ability of American women to learn and practice vaccination will not be questioned, when the more difficult art of inoculation was discovered by the women of Turkey, and introduced into Europe by an English woman! Inoculation is one of the greatest triumphs of remedial skill over a sure, loathsome, and deadly disease which the annals of medical art record. Its discovery belongs to women. I name it here to show that they are gifted with genius for the profession, and only need to be educated to excel in the preventive department. Let pious, intelligent women be fitly prepared, and what a mission-field for doing good would be opened! In India, China, Turkey, and all over the heathen world, they would, in their character of physicians, find access to the homes and the harems where women dwell, and where the good seed sown would bear a hundred-fold, because it would take root in the bosom of the sufferer, and in the heart of childhood."

The leading clergy of Philadelphia have sanctioned this organization by express notes of approval. Rev. Dr. Malcolm, who has been in the east, gives it "his warmest approbation." Dr. Durbin writes, "If I were stationed in this city, I would give the effort my personal aid; now I send my own name and that of Mrs. Durbin as members of your Society." Bishop Potter thus speaks of it: "The importance of securing for women a larger sphere of usefulness, and the special propriety and desirableness of qualifying them to practice the healing art among children and those of their own sex, will be admitted, I should hope, by all persons. If there are those, however, who think otherwise, I certainly am not of the number; and I shall rejoice heartily in the success of every effort which is calculated to promote such an object." Drs. Horn, Stevens, Gillette, Brainerd, Ladd, etc., give similar sanction to it.

This Society has thus far been successful. It was organized on the 12th of last November, and in about a month it numbered more than fifty members and donors, and had secured the approval of the Philadelphia public. It announces that it will be prepared to pay the tuition fees of four pupils—"one from each denomination, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist"—in the Philadelphia or Boston medical institutions. The pupils must be recommended by the missionary boards of the respective sects mentioned.

Success to these designs, says your humble scribbler; and he doubts not that you, Mr. Editor, and your better half, and your fifty thousand female readers, respond a hearty amen to the prayer.

Ladies of the west, not only should your philanthropy, but selfishness prompt you, to co-operate in such improvements. What mother in this Christian land has not felt the painful urgency of some such measure for the education of female physicians? If the usages of heathen women render them necessary abroad, much more should the refined sentiments of Christian women demand them at home.

Some accounts of the World's Exhibition referred to the superior attention given by English manufacturers to the arts of design, as shown in their exhibited fabrics. On the continent, as well as in England, these arts are thoroughly studied. Schools of "arts and manufactures" are maintained in France and Germany, for instruction in drawing and other branches auxiliary to manufactures; and hence the higher elegance of their workmanship. The hints of the letter-writers have been heeded by our eastern manufacturers, and, as many of them are genuine philanthropists, the project of a school of design for the same practical results, but affording also a refined means of support to females, has been projected. From its prospectus I learn that the objects of this school are: 1. To educate a body of professed designers, capable of furnishing original designs for manufactures and other purposes, where ornamental designs are required. 2. To teach the various processes of engraving, lithography, and other methods of transferring and multiplying designs. 3. To educate a class of teachers in drawing and design. The course of instruction comprises an *Elementary Drawing School*, in which it will be required of all pupils to go through a thorough course of elementary drawing and coloring, with lectures and instruction in geometry, and other studies, so far as may be necessary for a general familiarity with forms and colors. When sufficiently advanced, the pupils will elect as to the particular department in which each may wish to become proficient, and then follow a special course for the attainment of the object. *Industrial classes* will be formed in the special departments as soon as pupils are found to be prepared to enter them. It is the intention of the School to furnish the best instruction that can be procured to pupils who have the desire and can command the time for a thorough and systematic course of drawing and design, and thus to be a standard or Normal school, the graduates from which may be prepared to earn a living by the practice of some of the branches taught, or to teach in other schools of design or in public schools. This school of design for women is another example worthy of the imitation of other cities.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, how vastly may these and similar schemes ameliorate the condition of women in our large cities! How infinitely better are they than "mere charitable institutions!" Are they not examples of the very remedies needed? I have already extended this article too far for the patience of your readers, though certainly not for

the importance of the subject; yet I can not forbear adding, that all that is necessary to multiply these measures through the land is for a *few enterprising women*, in each of our large communities, to *start them*. Let it be remembered, that, unlike all other eleemosynary schemes, these in due time, and often in a short time, become *self-supporting*. May I not exhort your readers to give some practical attention to the suggestions of this humble letter? There are those now reading these lines who could put in train measures like the above, which would not only be of great local relief to their suffering sisters, but add resistless impulse to the revolution of the industrial position of woman, which, it is hoped, is now fairly begun, though it has yet failed of our recognition.

### THE FOREST FUNERAL.

BY PROFESSOR LIPPETT.

THE last rays of the setting sun were throwing far athwart the lengthening shadows of the old forest-trees; indeed, the tops of the trees alone now caught the light, as the sun went down behind the boundless western forest, whose gloom was deepening with the approaching twilight. All was hushed. Not a sound was heard, but the far-off voice of the whippowil, or the hoarse note of the night-hawk in his low swoop toward the earth. Even the leaves, that rustled a little before in the dying waves of the evening breeze, and danced in the ruddy light upon the topmost bough, were still. Nature was hushed as if offering incense of silent adoration to her God. It was a mild, calm evening in early September, at the commencement of the present century. A little aside from the rude, rough pathway through the forest were two emigrant wagons, with their long curved bodies, and arched cloth coverings stained with the dust and dews of a long journey. Near by were the horses, tethered for the night. A spaniel, too, was running hither and thither between the wagons, and anon into the woods, scaring up the quails by his sharp bark, and then returning as if guilty of some misdemeanor, and, standing near the smoking brands of the fire, looks wistfully in the faces of the group gathered there.

Draw nearer and gaze. There sits a man of middle age, with bowed head, and hands clasped between his knees—sad, silent, and with eyes intently fixed upon the fire. Suddenly the fire gleams up in his face, and you start at its stern, rigid features and the wild, set eye which it reveals. Opposite to him sits his wife, pressing close to her side a little daughter, stooping oft to kiss away the fast-flowing tears that gush from the fountain of her sorrow, and then, pressing her more fondly to her heart; anon brushing away the blinding, scalding tears that gather in her own eyes, turning oft her head

toward an object at a little distance, covered with a white cloth. There is also a son, now ripening into manhood, who sits abstracted, thoughtfully musing, but often bringing his arm to his face, and wiping away the tears with his coat-sleeve. Leaning against the tree by his father, stands a younger brother, gazing sadly and yet half wonderingly at the group, and gently putting his leg to attract the notice of his playfellow the dog.

This is an emigrant family. But what means this scene? Led by the hope of bettering his fortune, the father had sold his little farm in central Pennsylvania, had left the associations of his own youth, that he might, in the wilds of Ohio, secure a better patrimony for his children. The children, ever carried away with any novelty, were delighted at the change; but the mother was sad, and oft wept at the thought of the sacrifice to be made. But the hour came; the farm had been sold; their goods had been packed; the last farewell had been given; the last hill-top gained from which could be seen the little valley farm. Ah, the sun never bathed it in such a golden flood of light as then! It seemed like turning their back upon Eden's gate. Since then long weary days of travel had passed. Over mountains their route had led them, whose steep gray summits frowned darkly upon their endeavor. Frightful precipices skirted their path at times, far reaching down to the chasm beneath, or rising to the overhanging rocks far above. No foliage there shut out the rays of the sun, except occasionally a stunted fir clinging to the rock. Toilfully, wearily, yet hopefully, the days had passed, and now they were in Ohio, and a few more days would bring them to their destined home, on the Ohio, where the Scioto, flowing through the wide alluvial meadows, enters it. Their route now lay through one unbroken forest, reaching from river to river, and from river to lake. No habitation met the gaze of the emigrant, as he struggled on through this unbroken solitude. The deer and red man were sole, joint occupants of the country.

Attracted by the open space and the noble shelter of two majestic beeches, the father had stopped this night a little earlier than usual. The whole family had gone to the spot of their proposed encampment, a little way from the wagons, except a little boy, who had been left in the wagon. The horses bent their heads to nip the tufts of grass growing at their feet, and at last started along. There was a sudden cry that caught the mother's quick ear, and turned her quicker glance toward the wagon. But, alas! it was only to see the heavy wheel pass over the body of her little son, crushing out forever his God-given life. The sudden motion had thrown him out directly beneath the wheel. The shrieks of the mother soon brought all to the spot; but no effort could restore the vital spark. The mangled body could never more thrill with the pulsations of the heart or the joyous impulses of life. Long his mother frantically rubbed his little limbs; anon calling him by name, and

kissing his white hand, as if her fond call could rouse him from the sleep of death as easily as from his cradle sleep. And then despair gathered around, and hope fled, and the heart grew still. But the deepening shades made them be mindful of their teams. A fire, too, had been built, but no supper had been thought of, none had been prepared. The deep grief had absorbed all other feelings. The little body had been laid out, and covered with a white cloth, and the family had gathered about the fire as first described.

Thus long they sat in sorrow too deep for utterance. Ah, who can fathom all their grief! who knows all the soul-absorbing ties that bind a mother to her child! who can tell the agony that wrenches a strong man's heart, when the tears course each other down his weather-beaten face! Twilight deepened into night unperceived. The girl had sobbed herself to sleep in her mother's lap; the boy had found rest at her feet; the eldest was busy in keeping up the fire; but the father moved not. At length he roused himself, saying, "It must be." He then sought a box amid his goods, and made from it a rude coffin for his son. Between the two beeches next, with labor mixed with grief, he dug his little grave. The night wore on, and, streaking all the east with golden light, the dawn appeared. The father then roused his family; and just as the sun was tinging the tree-tops with his morning beams, he committed the body to the earth, reading himself the Episcopal service.

What a scene for a painter was that! The gathered group, the open grave, the wide, dark forest just lit by the sun's first rays, the wagons near with horses tied, and the dog standing on the heaped earth, looking wistfully now in the faces of the group and then into the open grave, while the father reads, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

And now the earth is heaped upon the grave, a few fresh flowers are strewn upon the heaped mold, the last sobbing, heart-broken farewell is taken, the teams are harnessed, and the emigrants are again on their sad way through the somber forest to their home in the west.

#### POOR PENMANSHIP.

A LITERARY gentleman once addressed a letter to a friend. The following was the reply: "I have received a piece of paper, apparently from you, though I am inclined to think that, by way of saving trouble, you had employed a spider as your amanuensis—dipped his legs into an ink-bottle, and then suffered him to crawl over the sheet. You never were a very good writer; but now you seem to have one hand which you can not read yourself, and another which no other person can decipher."

#### AFFECTION'S LONGINGS.

—  
BY EMMA.

COULD I roam over earth, and choose me a spot,  
Where to settle my fortune and build me a cot,  
Where my best loved of earth could dwell peaceful  
and free,

And drink cheerful life's cup, though mingled it be,  
My footsteps I'd bend not, where every green heath  
Is blighted and withered by Boreas' fierce breath;  
Nor yet to the land of the orange and vine,  
Where spring-time unending would greet me and mine;

But I'd seek for a home in my own father-land,  
Where Summer and Winter walk hand clasped in  
hand—

Where I worship not kings, nor nobles, nor fame—  
Where wealth's but a *toy*, and honor a *name*.

Far, far from the city's allurements and mirth,  
In a bright sunny dell, on a green spot of earth,  
There I'll rear me my cottage, and make me my  
home—

The true and the trustful, the loving may come.

I'll plant there, to shade it, the trees that I love—  
The maple, the hemlock, and pine from the grove;  
And hardier trees, used to the tempest's fierce  
stroke—

The cedar, ash, beech, and my *own mountain oak*.

An orchard, a garden, and smooth-sloping lawn,  
And mirroring streamlet, my ground shall adorn;  
A yard filled with flowers, the blue-bell and rose,  
To cheer in sweet spring-time and autumn's dim  
close.

Within my home, too, love and beauty shall dwell;  
The guests God has given shall be cherished right  
well;

Contentment, and peace, and religion beside;  
Myself, always cheerful, o'er all will preside.

That blest place to me then will ever be dear,  
With my children to love, and my husband to cheer;  
Not Italia's beauties, nor India's gold,  
Shall e'er tempt me to leave them—my *flock* and  
my *fold*.

#### LITTLE CARRIE.

DRAW down the thin and azure lid;  
No look of mute-appealing pain,  
No piercing, anguished gaze on heaven,  
Will strike through those blue depths again.

Press one soft kiss on those soft lips,  
They thrill not now like flickering flame;  
They'll ne'er unclothe, in troubled dreams,  
To breathe again that cherished name.

Wrap the white shroud about her breast;  
No trembling throb shall stir its fold,  
No wild emotions wake to life,  
Within that bosom snowy cold.

## "MEEK AND LOWLY IN HEART."

BY HYPERION.

In the human character of the divine Redeemer appear traits of surpassing loveliness. Antiquity, in its most copious and refined languages, has no name for the class of virtues which in his character received their full development. Nor have we in any modern language any term to designate those virtues, except the epithet derived from His own name—*Christian virtues*.

Lowliness, meekness, forbearance, forgiveness of injury, gentleness, and the most tender sensibility were the ruling traits and most conspicuous virtues of his character in his whole career, from the scenes of Bethlehem to those of Calvary. And even the very circumstances of the age in which he made his advent to earth seem in harmony with his own spirit. It was not the age of war, of bloodshed, and of revolution; no clarion was resounding to call the nations to arms; no hero was marshaling his forces for a murderous campaign, or returning in triumph, with captives bound and bleeding at his chariot-wheels. The storm of revolution had passed. The flash of the lightnings had ceased, and the echo of the thunders had died away. The commotion of the waves had subsided, nor broke there longer on the shore even a ripple. Peace, universal, profound peace, reigned over all the hills and the valleys of earth.

No shrill-voiced and trumpet-tongued herald preceded him, to raise in the mind of the noble and the great high-wrought expectations of his approach. Only an unknown and mysterious youth appeared—not in the city, but in the wilderness, clothed not in soft raiment, but with camel's hair, bidding those who pleased to hear him "prepare the way of the Lord."

At his coming, the sun stood not still in the heavens, nor wandered in unfrequented orbit. The moon shone with no unusual brightness, nor deviated from her usual path. The constellations of the heavens—Arcturius, Orion, and the Pleiades—maintained unchanged their places. Only

"A single silent star  
Came wandering from afar,  
Gliding unchecked and calm along the sky."

And that star seems seen alone by the eastern sages, who were watching the heavens, as was their custom, to detect any new and strange meteoric phenomena.

Not in the glare of day, when all the world was astir, did the Savior come to earth. The sun had set behind the mountains that are "round about Jerusalem." The twilight of evening had faded away. The starlight alone, streaming down through the pure and still air of a Syrian autumn night, dispelled the darkness, which else had been intense in nature, at the very moment when the moral Light of the universe was arising unperceived by the dim and heavy eyes of men.

From its deep sleep the world was not aroused to hear the advent song. The shepherds alone, who were awake, watching their flocks, and listening for coming footsteps, or for the midnight cry of beasts of prey, heard the mellifluous melody, that enchanting harmony of the angel minstrel band, singing an anthem of praise and of peace.

Not in the city, the city of the great King, the chosen site of the Holy Temple, the far-famed Jerusalem, amidst gorgeous palaces and costly furnishing, did He, the King of nations, appear; but in an obscure and fameless village. No voice was heard, bidding,

"Fold silken robes round the little one carefully,  
Lay him to rest on his pillow of down;"

but his mother, alone and unattended, with her own hands "wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger."

When the wicked King, who, with a cruel hand and a tyrant's heart, ruled over Palestine, would have barbarously slain him, there was wrought for his protection no open and startling miracle. Quietly, and in the silence of midnight was given in a dream warning of danger. Quietly and silently arose the devout and favored ones from their dreamy bed, and, with the mysterious child, departed to a foreign country, where they might find protection, till the wrath of wicked man should be past. Returning, after the danger was past, the child of promise, the child to the day of whose mysterious birth the world for four thousand years had looked forward, the child whose mysterious mission on earth not even the angels round about the throne had understood, remained in a small and poor village of Galilee, subject, like human children, to human authority, claiming no immunities, nor privileges, nor exemptions.

When he had passed the period assigned by the laws as the age of maturity, and entered on the work of his mission, he still retained the meek, lowly, and gentle spirit which had so distinguished his advent and his early career. The bearer of a message of the highest import to the human race, the teacher of doctrines more sublime and more holy than were ever dreamed of by Socrates or taught by Plato, he chose for his disciples, not the great, the noble, the learned in worldly wisdom, but the humble, the poor, the unlettered. Diligently he instructed them, and patiently he bore their infirmities, their dullness of apprehension, and their perversity of unbelief. Mild was his reproof of their faults, delicate his manner of correcting their errors, and gentle his chidings of their ambitious and intolerant spirit.

In his intercourse with strangers and casual acquaintances he was ever gentle and charitable. In relieving the suffering, in attending to the neglected, in remembering the forgotten, in raising the fallen, in bringing back the straying, in receiving the outcasts, in encouraging the penitent, and in pitying the unfortunate, he often reproved the hypocrisy and defied the conventional prejudices



of Pharisaism. He hesitated not to hold a long and free conversation with the woman of Samaria, whom he casually met at the well; nor did he feel disgraced when the disciples came and found him in her company, though they did *marvel*; nor when the whole city came out to see the man who had disregarded long-established national usage. He repelled not the woman, though she was a "sinner," who came into the house of the Pharisee, where he, by invitation, was dining, and "stood at his feet behind him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with ointment." No, he repelled her not, though the Pharisee reproached him for allowing her, "sinner" as she was, to touch him. He repelled her not, but spoke unto her gracious words: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Nor did he "condemn" that other poor, frail, and fallen creature, who was brought before him accused of a crime whose penalty by law was death. No words of vengeance, no sentence of death fell from his lips. "Whoever," said he to her accusers, "is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And when the prosecutors had all, smitten in their consciences by his words, left the room, and the poor woman stood alone before him, how gentle was his reproof of her fault: "*Go, and sin no more!*" O ye censorious and severe-judging mortals, who cast without the pale of human sympathy the frail and the erring, ye who visit with severe judgment on their defenseless heads the faults or the follies of your fellow-beings, ye who clamor for blood at the hangman's hand, would ye but go and learn of him whom ye call *Master* the spirit of Christianity, ye would be more lenient, charitable, and forgiving; ye would say to the wayward, the erring, and the sinful, "*Go, and sin no more. Go not to the dungeon nor the gallows; but go into the broad and beautiful world of God, and sin no more. Go not with the curse and the blight of society's ban upon you; but go repentant and forgiven, and sin no more.*"

In the last agonies of dissolution, the spirit of pity and of forgiveness departed not from Jesus. The poor, condemned, and dying culprit, who turned imploring his eyes toward him, and said, "Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom," received, in reply, the thrilling words, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." O, it seems to me I would willingly die like the thief, stretched and writhing with pain on the cross, the jeer and the reproach of men, and the spectacle of all the world, if I could but hear, in my last agonies, from such lips such words: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Yes, blessed Jesus, with thee would I suffer, with thee would I die, with thee would I fearless venture to hell itself; for where dwells such a spirit as thine there must be paradise.

On occasions of sorrow and bereavement Jesus exhibited the most tender sensibility. He pitied

the father who bewailed the death of his child, and, in his mercy and his power, he restored the fair girl to life. He had compassion on the widow of Nain, whose only son was borne on his bier out of the gate. And he *wept* with Mary and Martha over the grave of Lazarus. Very dissimilar was his spirit to that of men of the world, who will *talk* to you, while your heart is breaking under bereavement, of philosophy, and of fortitude, and of composure, and of resignation, darkening counsel by using words without knowledge or feeling. Jesus did not thus. He *wept*, thereby showing that he had human feeling, and understood human feeling.

The last acts in the eventful human career of Jesus were not inconsistent with the unity of character developed in previous scenes. Unconscious of fault and innocent of purpose, he was arrested at midnight by a cowardly crowd, bearing torches and clubs, and abusing him with curses and blows. Without resisting, he yielded himself a prisoner in their hand. Silently he bore their taunts and reproaches. Without retaliating, he suffered their abuse and their blows. He was brought to the judgment-seat for trial. His accusers were there, the false witnesses were there, and there was he, but defenseless and alone. Before that outrageous and maddened mob none dare plead his cause. His disciples, appalled with fear, had forsaken him and fled. One of them, the most impetuous, the most generous, and, perhaps, the most brave among them, had, through fear, absolutely denied, with oaths and bitter curses, that he ever knew him.

He was condemned. The sentence of death—"Let him be crucified"—was pronounced. No time was allowed for preparation. The executioners were thirsting for blood. On his shoulders was lashed the very cross on which he was to die, and he was compelled to bear it up the hill of Calvary, till fainting he fell down under the load. Compelling a stranger to take up and bear after him the instrument of torture and of death, they urged him along up the hill to the place of execution. Riveting with iron spikes his hands and feet to the cross, they suspended him, where he hung in excruciating torture, till the powers of life were exhausted, and of very agony he expired.

And who was he thus led like a "lamb to the slaughter?" Was he the defenseless being he appeared? It was he, who, in the morning of creation, "stretched the north over the empty space, and hung the earth upon nothing." It was he who said to the roaring ocean, when it broke forth, "Hitherto mayst thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." It was he who "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." He, at that very time, when arrested, tried, condemned, and crucified, had all power in heaven and in earth. At his call the thunder's voice would have been heard, and at his

beck the lightnings would have flashed, and said, "Here are we." At one stamp of his foot the earth would have opened wide its fathomless abyss, and the guilty city, with its murderous crew, would have sunk deeper than seaman's plummet might ever sound. At his word hosts of angels, more numerous than

"Autumnal leaves, that strew the vales  
In Vallombrosa,"

and each more powerful than the gigantic Typhon of classic mythology, would have suddenly appeared, and the clamorous murderers would have fallen, as did the army of Assyria, when the destroyer breathed on them. But he, the suffering, the gentle one, spoke not a word of imprecation, not a word of wrath. His words were only words of grace and of prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And when at last the final hour of triumph came, the hour of his resurrection, he used not even this hour for vengeance or for public manifestation. He arose not in the full light of day, when the streets were thronged with people; but he chose the early morning hour, while it "was yet dark," and while all the city was quiet in deep slumber. He appeared at first, not to the whole company of disciples, but only to Mary. And when he did appear to the disciples, he chose not the glare of daylight, nor a public place, but the quiet evening, and a sequestered room, in which the eleven were assembled for communion and for worship. When also the time of his ascending up on high arrived, he appointed the place for this sublime consummation of his earthly career on the top of a mountain, apart from the city, where were assembled only the faithful to receive his last words. Having commissioned them to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, he stretched out his hands to bless them; and, as he was pronouncing over them the words of benediction, he was parted from them:

"And calmly did he rise  
Into his native skies,  
His human form dissolved on high  
In its own radiancy."

#### THE ENTHUSIASM OF GENIUS.

"INVENTION," says D'Israeli, "depends on patience. Contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius! the true hour for production and composition; hours so delightful that I have spent twelve and fourteen hours successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure." It is probable that the anecdote related of Marini, the Italian poet, is true: that he was once so absorbed in revising his *Adonis*, that his leg was severely burned without his knowing it.

#### EXCURSION TO MONTMORENCI.

BY S. A. LATTIMORE.

On a bright sunny morning we left the city of Quebec by Palace Gate, for a drive of nine miles down the St. Lawrence, to the celebrated cascade of Montmorenci. Although it was an August day, the keen, penetrating air of that northern clime reminded us of our own October, when the leaves, loosened by the autumnal frost, fall fast around us in our morning walk. But as the sun rose above the mountains of many-colored mist, exhaled from the river during the night, pouring down upon us a flood of golden light, the dewy chillness was succeeded by a glow of genial warmth. My companions were a lady and gentleman of New York city and a young Charlestonian—the former genuine Gothamites, full of life and vivacity; the latter a fine specimen of southern chivalry, frank, urbane, intelligent, and impulsive. Meeting, as we did, by accident, in a strange city, where, at first sight, we were called *Americans*, with a peculiar emphasis that we would not expect to hear even in Europe, we felt ourselves, at once, acquaintances and firm friends. A singular coincidence of name, occurring even in the maiden name of the lady, promoted the fraternal feeling in no small degree, and we soon forgot the many hundreds of miles that separate New York, South Carolina, and Indiana. We congratulated ourselves on our lucky number, in a land where the traveler is constantly in a dilemma between the high caleche for a single pair and the low cab for four. Of course, we chose the latter as the most social. With a more pleasant company it has never been my fortune to meet than was formed by my companions of that day's excursion. Though never again our pathways may meet, by none of us will that happy day ever be forgotten.

We were whirled down the precipitous street with perilous velocity, and soon passed the narrow environs of the city. Crossing the river St. Charles by the long Dorchester bridge, we rolled merrily onward over a magnificent road, as smoothly as ever Roman chariot wheeled along the broad pavement of the renowned Appian Way. For miles we could trace our meandering course along the river bank. Countless vehicles, from the flying caleche to the slow, trundling dog-cart, incessantly passing and repassing, equalled the activity and confusion of a street in the crowded metropolis. Our way was over a plain of table-land, at an elevation of three hundred feet above the level of the river, of great fertility, and exhibiting the agricultural art in its highest state of perfection. The long but extremely narrow fields, whose shape indicates the repeated hereditary divisions they have suffered, were yielding their fleeces of russet and gold to the sickle of the husbandman. The peasantry, of both sexes, were busily gathering in the abundant harvest—the men turning the rolling

swaths before their sweeping scythes; the women, fearless of the sun-burn, tying the fragrant hay into bundles for the market, or binding the yellow wheat into sheaves for the barn. Cottages of unhewn stone, with steep roofs of thatch, clustered here and there along the road in friendly groups, seemed peculiarly appropriate as the homes of these rustic peasants. The picturesque costume of the good dames and bonnie lasses, dressed in skirt and boddice of strongly contrasted colors, and broad-rimmed hats of straw, with faces, fresh and rosy as that of Hygeia, smiling out from under them, gave the whole scene a delightful air of quiet, contented domestic happiness.

At occasional intervals between these plebeian hamlets, we passed stately old mansions, standing at aristocratic distances from the dusty thoroughfare, surrounded by extensive grounds, where the lords of the primitive forest cast their deep shadows, making twilight at noonday. A short distance beyond the little village of Beaufort, which we recognized as a village only by its church steeple, we were shown an old French chateau, of which a long traditionary legend is told. Many, many years have the dilapidated, ivy-grown walls, which we saw still looming up among the tall trees, been desolate and silent. No mortal ever approaches the moldering threshold, for within, say the *habitans* of the neighborhood, dwells the frantic ghost of the high-born but unhappy lady of the romantic story. No one ventures nearer than the porter's lodge at the great iron gateway.

Canada is truly a land of superstitions. By the wayside were many rude crucifixes and wooden saints, to each of which our Phaeton scrupulously paid his obeisance as we rolled past, either by a motion of the hand meant for a cross, or by a sullen nod of the head.

Hundreds of little boys, playing about the cottage doors, stood up to salute us as we passed, doffing their little hats, if they had them; if not, waving their tiny hands in the air with imitable grace. Troops of little girls, too, dressed in the quaint fashion of the country, with their long-braided tresses streaming out from under their broad hats, ran along beside the window of our cab, offering us bouquets of the most rare and beautiful flowers, with many sweet smiles which we could easily understand, and many pretty words which we could not. Had Lord Elgin or Queen Victoria herself been passing, more flattering attention could scarcely have been manifested by those youthful subjects than was shown to us; and not to us alone, but, indeed, to every passing company. Why were we humble republicans thus lionized and made the recipients of this juvenile ovation? The explanation destroys all its romance and poetry—it was all for a penny! If the expected coin was not bestowed, the young rogues would feign to weep bitterly, till we were hopelessly beyond them; then make grimaces at us, or trip along as smilingly and winningly as ever after

the next carriage. Our small change was soon exhausted in tossing them a piece or two at a time to see a score of them scramble for the prize. Our cruel cabman persisted in considering it a part of the service he owed us to keep these troops of young lazaroni out of reach of his merciless lash, which they dexterously avoided, much to our comfort and amusement. Thus in early life are these innocent children initiated into the medicant art, which they practice with a skill and insinuating grace that render their appeals irresistible.

At the end of our pleasant drive we were set down at a high arched gate, opening into an extensive park. Here were a dozen vehicles, and as many Canadian drivers—some basking sleepily in the warm morning sunshine, others chattering to each other in their unintelligible provincialisms. A score of merry children, engaged in play, were there ready to accompany any party that might desire a guide to the cascade. Hitherto we had shunned the execrable herd that usually infests all our popular resorts, as an abomination to be heartily deprecated by every traveler who claims a spark of the adventurous spirit, or loves to think his own thoughts, or to see with his own eyes. But about these children there was an air of winning simplicity and innocence that quite captivated us, and we at once resolved to have a guide. We accordingly selected, as the most interesting one of the group, a blooming little lass of some twelve summers, who was attired in a gay dress and tidy hat of straw. We had chosen her not so much to have her open the gates and show us the pathway, as to see her trip daintily along beside us, to listen to her artless stories, and to hear her snatches of song awaken the echoes of the wood, or her clear silvery laugh ring joyously through the darkling glens of that grand old forest. Passing through the gate, we traversed, for some distance, a noble avenue, densely overshadowed by the tapering linden and the wide-branching elm of centuries—that veteran Briareus of the forest. Leaving the cool avenue, we crossed an old moss-grown stile, and followed a path leading through a field of luxuriant clover. Our cunning little guide, contriving meanwhile to keep our attention attracted to herself, turned aside from the path, and conducted us a few steps through a dense thicket of alders, where we were startled with surprise to find ourselves standing on the very brink of a fearful abyss, wide and deep. And there stood our roguish little Naiad beside us, looking up inquisitively into our faces to mark the effect of the wonder upon us, in the expression of our countenances. Looking in the direction she pointed, through the meshes of the green foliage, which screened a recess of that vast excavation, we caught a glimpse of a gleaming, snow-white sheet of foam. The little fairy then led us a little farther along the brink, where our position revealed to us, at one grand view, the entire Cascade of Montmorenci.

Before us was a beautiful river, clear as crystal, calmly rolling over an Alpine precipice, and plunging

down a gulf deeper than the mighty Niagara by a hundred feet. The mind was bewildered and overpowered by the vastness of the descent. There, on a measureless expanse of dark and rugged wall, was hung a veil of woven silver, starred with clusters of pearls and diamonds, and flowing, in luxurious, airy folds, down, down through golden sunlight into the somber shade of the tall cliff, and still down, down into that dim abyss of shadows. The mind recoiled from the attempt to form a conception of the vast reality. The first impression was almost painfully vivid, but evanescent as the electric flash. It passed, and we gazed upon the scene before us as upon a vision seen through the hazy, uncertain atmosphere of dream. A few awakening efforts at relative comparison—measuring, by the eye, the known with the unknown—dispelled this usual twilight, and gradually relieved us from the mental paralysis that had seized us. Clearer and clearer grew the medium through which we looked, the different parts of the scene fell into harmonious proportions, the whole took form and symmetry, and, at last, stood before us in all its matchless grandeur. We felt as if we had seen it created. Virtually we had. We had seen it change, by imperceptible degrees, from chaotic confusion to the perfection of beauty—the change had been in us, not in it.

The water as it rolls over the edge of the rock is at once dissolved into a sheet of sparkling foam. Its descent is interrupted only by a few projections of the rock, which our fancy molded into the gloomy features of a sphinx-like monster concealing itself behind that translucent, fluid drapery, whose stainless white contrasted finely with the hue of the hideous face peering through it. The dash of the torrent had seemingly subsided into a soft, rushing sound, that came up through the quivering leaves, not wild or harsh, as at first, but gentle and lute-like, lulling the soul into a feeling of the most delicious repose.

As soon as our little guide discovered that she could divert our attention, she tripped nimbly away, beckoning us to follow. Our path led us by a circuitous way through the highly ornamented grounds of a princely mansion of the olden time, once owned and occupied by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. It seems that this romantic spot was a favorite resort of that great pioneer, Champlain, who named the neighboring cascade after the Duke de Montmorenci, prime minister of France. After a long ramble we reached the bank of the river just above the fall. We had already taken a view of the scene as a whole, and were now prepared to investigate its parts in detail. Scrambling down the rocky bank a few yards, we reached a foot-bridge formed of a single plank, leading to the verge of the Cascade. A few feet farther, a shelving rock, of a foot square, jutting out from the bank, and, overhanging the gulf, promised a view such as we could in no wise forego. One standing there seemed literally suspended in the air. Had the

branch of pine to which we clung with our hands or the bit of rock that supported our feet given way, we should have eclipsed, however involuntarily, the leap of the redoubtable hero of Genesee Falls. The view from that point was worth the risk. In our cooler moments of reflection, we were astonished at the reckless and adventurous temerity with which the scene inspired us. As we hovered over that abyss, our impressions were overpowering. Suddenly the mind seemed to acquire vigor and ability to grasp the idea of altitude, at whose vastness it previously had quailed. Gazing upon that down-rushing flood, till, in fancy, we were borne down with its arrowy speed, listening to the deep music of that anthem of the many waters, as it ascended up to heaven; the soul was filled with thoughts and feelings which no language can convey to the mind of another. They were thoughts and feelings such as each must think and feel for himself, or never know. From that lofty point of view, we saw the river winding through that wild gorge furrowed deep in the everlasting adamant, then mingling with the waters of the St. Lawrence, and flowing serenely onward to the ocean.

Retracing our steps, and stopping a few moments to take another view from our former position, we passed on down the brink some distance, and descended by a steep, mountainous footway to the bottom of the chasm below the fall. Slowly we made our way over heaps of loose, angular fragments of rock fallen from the overhanging cliff. It was a gloomy valley, where there was but one sound—the deep monotone of rushing waters. Forcibly did its dusky light recall to mind that picture of the inspired page so vividly portrayed in the rich colorings of the oriental imagination—"the valley of the shadow of death," which we all must walk ere long. There, too, before was a being of radiant beauty, descending from the upper world of light to cheer us in the solemn gloom.

Finally, walking along the narrow ledge of the water-worn rock, far out into the deep basin, we stood at the very foot of the cascade. Unconsciously had we removed our hats, and stood reverentially in that enchanting presence, yielding ourselves up involuntarily to the pure and holy thoughts it inspired. Down from above was breathed upon us an air cool and rejuvenescent, as if wafted fresh from the ambrosial bowers of Paradise. The perpetual spray, descending like a baptism poured from the great hand of nature upon us, bathed our heated brows, as we stood silently and devoutly before her beautiful shrine. Looking far upward, we saw that torrent of fleecy foam, stainless as the dissolving clouds of a summer noon, poured from the zenith of the azure heaven, and sinking calmly in the limpid pool at our feet. Now and then detached masses of iridescent spray came slowly drifting down toward us, looking like wreaths of flowers, which the angels, in their happiness and joy, had flung down upon that favored spot.



Long did we linger, passive recipients of the magic influences that stole over the spirit like a fascination, feeling that we were standing not impiously in that inner chamber of Nature's great temple. There was a charmed circle where unholy thoughts might not enter. The dark years of toil, and care, and sin were all forgotten, and the heart was susceptible and impressible as in the happy days of innocence and childhood. From such a place we always go away better, purer, holier than we came. Few, indeed, are the hearts so insensible and obdurate as to be unmoved by the softening influences of a scene which so manifestly glorifies its infinite Architect.

As souvenirs of that place and that hour, memorable and hallowed to us, we gathered a few of the bright flowers that seem to catch the rainbow tints of the ever-falling dews that descend so softly in that sheltered cove. Climbing the laborious cliff, we sought once more our old position, that we might combine all the three views into one deep and lasting impression. A glance completed the picture. We felt that the glorious scene before us was all our own—our own forever—a cherished memory imperishable as the mind itself.

Hours had flown away unmarked, and we could linger no longer. Slipping a few shillings into the hand of our fair little guide, who had contributed so much to our happiness, and receiving a sweet smile, such as could spring only from a pure and innocent heart, reluctantly, regretfully, we bade farewell to her and the beautiful Cascade of Montmorenci.

#### THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

A STRANGER, who was an admirer of Mrs. Hemaus, one day called at her house, and begged earnestly to see her. She was then just recovering from one of her frequent illnesses, and was obliged to decline the visits of all but her immediate friends. The applicant was, therefore, told that she was unable to receive him; but he persisted in entreating for a few minutes' audience with such urgent importunity, that at last the point was conceded. The moment he was admitted, the gentleman—for such his manner and appearance declared him to be—explained, in words and tones of the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation which he could not rest satisfied without avowing—that to her he owed, in the first instance, that faith and those hopes which were now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of the Skeptic he had been first awakened from the miserable delusions of infidelity, and induced to "search the Scriptures." Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions in an uncontrollable gush of emotion, this strange but interesting visitant took his departure, leaving her overwhelmed with a mingled sense of joyful gratitude and wondering humility.

#### ODE TO THE BELOVED SPRING.

—  
BY JAMES FUMMILL  
—

SINCE all the bardies write of thee, O Spring,  
Why may not I, a humble soul,  
Snatch a stray feather from Apollo's wing,  
And of thy radiant glories sing?  
Why may not I seize Fancy's bowl,  
Dip it in Hippocrene, and drink to thee,  
Maid of the dewy lip and tearful e'e?

On the red hill I see thy form,  
Half draped, yet all loveliness, reclining;  
And thy dear voice doth chide the sad and pining  
Winter away, with all his sullen storm.  
I feel thy breath, gracious, and sweet, and warm,  
Creeping among my locks, and thy soft arm,  
Covered with rosy hands, is drawn around me,  
Till I do feel as if Elysium bound me!

I love thee, my sweet Spring. I love thy eyes,  
All lit with gladness, and thy blushing cheek;  
And I am sad when thou art sad with sighs;  
Or if a cloud is on thy brow so meek,  
Or thine eye dim with looking on the skies,  
I watch thy sad dejection till the tears  
Come dripping o'er thy face; then, then my fears  
Sudden vanish; for I see thee smile,  
And the tear glistening in thine eye the while!

I am a simple bardie, true—  
A silent wanderer in the vale of song;  
But then, dear Spring, I love to sit with you  
In the green wood where, trembling, crawls along  
The snaky rivulet, and where the blue  
Sky peers the leaves among,  
And laughs at me—to sit me there and woo  
Thy glories and thy joys—to feel them cling  
In hallowed beauty round my spirit, Spring!

O, when thou'rt gone away—  
Faded from nature like some sunny dream—  
And summer's burning ray  
Doth glance upon the meadow and the stream,  
Say, bright one, say,  
How shall I spin me out the weary day?  
By gazing from my window at the trees,  
As they stand fainting in the idle breeze;  
By listening for the birds that will not sing;  
And longing for THEE, soft and dew-eyed Spring!

#### MEMORY.

Soft as rays of sunlight stealing  
On the dying day;  
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing,  
When eve fades away;  
Sad as winds at night that moan,  
Through the heath o'er mountains lone,  
Come the thoughts of days now gone  
On manhood's memory.

## New Books.

**THE NEW TESTAMENT EXPOUNDED AND ILLUSTRATED, according to the usual Marginal References, in the very words of Holy Scripture, together with the Notes and Translations, and a Complete Marginal Harmony of the Gospels.** By Clement Moody, A. M. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This is a royal octavo of six hundred and fifty-five pages. The characteristic of the work is the juxtaposition of parallel passages, or the comparison of Scripture with Scripture—a plan which, as many readers may know, is in itself the very best of commentaries on the word of God. The theologian, the Sabbath school superintendent and teacher, the ordinary reader, all classes, will find Mr. Moody's work one which, better than any other commentary, will meet their peculiar wants and difficulties.

**WESLEY AND METHODISM.** By Isaac Taylor. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—Mr. Taylor's name is familiar both in England and America. Upon whatever he ventures to dissertate he exhibits a strong mind. With parts of the present work we are well pleased; with other parts we are not. We do not say this because we are a Methodist, as some people would think, but we say it because we know that for many declarations and statements made by Mr. Taylor there can be no just apology offered. Our columns do not admit of a discussion, else we would point out in many of the specifications and generalities of the work errors of a magnitude which, if presented by the author in any other treatise, would condemn him at once in the estimation of all sensible readers.

**MY YOUTHFUL DAYS: OR AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.** By Rev. George Coles. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—Mr. Coles, who is a native of England, will be remembered by a large number of our readers as a former assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. The present little volume is written in the pleasant vein of narrative style, and will do good wherever it goes. The young, specially, will be pleased in its perusal.

**THE JESUITS: A HISTORICAL SKETCH.** Revised by D. P. Kidder. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This, though professing to be a Sunday school book, will do no dishonor to the best selected library. It presents, from original and authentic sources, the most striking delineation of this celebrated and world-wide order connected with the Roman Catholic Church. As the Jesuits are still actively engaged in disseminating the poison of Papal error throughout both Great Britain and America, we can not too earnestly commend the circulation of this volume.

**THE PIANO-FORTE.** Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, O.: Jewett, Proctor & Worthington. 1851.—This work, by M. Fenollosa, professes to be a complete and thorough instruction book for the piano-forte, selected and arranged principally from the works of Hanten, Burgmuller, Bertini, and others; and, so far as we can judge, the book meets all that it professes. Ladies who desire to make a successful progress in piano-forte music, would do well to give this work a careful attention.

**ARVINE'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ANECDOTES OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS,** publishing in numbers by Gould & Lincoln, is one of the best collections that has met our eye for a long time. Thus far we have seen seven numbers; and we can but express our admiration at the success which has attended the labors of Mr. Arvine. His work, handsomely printed and illustrated, meets with great favor from the public.

**THE CORNER-STONE.** By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work, intended as a familiar illustration of truth, is here presented the public in the neatest possible form of press-work, binding, and typography.

**FUNERAL DISCOURSE,** delivered in the University Chapel, Bloomington, Ia., on the occasion of the death of the Rev. Andrew Wylie, D. D., by Rev. Dr. W. M. Daily, is a beautiful and touching discourse from the words, "The righteous perisheth," etc. We have glanced over the pages with melancholy profit and pleasure. We flee from the earth as a shadow, and our place becomes soon forgotten and unknown.

**LECTURES ON SCHOOL KEEPING,** by S. R. Hall, from the press of Jewett, Proctor & Worthington, Cleveland, is a most capital book for teachers.

## Periodicals.

**THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE** embraces the most solid and interesting papers of the foreign publications. Each number is embellished with a magnificent mezzotint engraving by Sartain. Tales very seldom occur in its pages; and in this respect it differs from all other American reprints of transatlantic literature. Each number contains one hundred and forty-four octavo pages. W. H. Bidwell, Editor and Proprietor, New York. Five dollars per annum.

**THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE,** published by John Mason, City Road, London, maintains its old and well-earned reputation. It was started by John Wesley, in the year 1778, and is now in its seventy-fifth year of publication. Without qualification, we consider it one of the best of all the English religious and literary monthlies. Each number is embellished with a steel portrait.

**THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CHRISTIAN UNION,** temporarily suspended a few months since, reaches our desk monthly. It is the organ of the American and Foreign Christian Union association, and is published monthly, at New York, at one dollar per annum. The religious intelligence furnished in its columns is very extensive.

**THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE,** published by George Pratt, Nassau-street, is a well-edited and embellished monthly, furnished to subscribers at the rate of two dollars per year. The reading matter is of a solid rather than of a sentimental character, and will tend to the edification of the soul, as well as to the interest of the mind.

**THE PLOW, THE LOOM, AND THE ANVIL** is not simply a good periodical for the farmer and the mechanic, but can be read with interest and profit by the family. It is published by Myron Finch, Nassau-street, New York, at three dollars per annum.

**THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS,** in its neat new dress and carefully written original papers, is more than ever welcomed by the religious public. Some features, introduced by the new editor—Rev. Mr. Degen—will add, we think, even to the already large subscription list of the Guide. Boston: H. V. Degen, Cornhill. One dollar per year.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,** for February, is a very superior number. It is reprinted by Leonard Scott & Co., Fulton-street, New York, at three dollars per year. Notwithstanding its political papers, the high character of Blackwood, as a literary periodical, secures for it, in Europe and America, a very large circulation among all classes of persons fond of literary reading.

**MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,** published by D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, New York, at three dollars per annum, is one of the best agricultural and general newspapers in the United States. Its several departments—literary, religious, scientific, and moral—are marked with most excellent taste.

**LADIES' KEEPSAKE AND HOME LIBRARY,** published by John S. Taylor, New York, at one dollar per year, is a monthly periodical well adapted to family and fireside reading. Each number is embellished with a steel engraving.

**THE OHIO JOURNAL OF EDUCATION,** edited by Messrs. A. D. Lord, H. H. Barney, J. C. Zachos, M. F. Cowdery, J. W. Andrews, and Andrew Freese, is a new monthly journal, just established in Columbus, for the benefit of teachers throughout Ohio. Its prospect, as a permanent periodical, is very fair.

**THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE** continues to maintain its high position. The January number has a fine portrait and a long sketch of the celebrated temperance reformer, Neal Dow, Mayor of Portland, Maine.

**THE HORTICULTURIST,** edited by A. J. Downing, and published by Luther Tucker, Albany, N. Y., at three dollars per year, is the best journal of rural art and rural taste published in this country.

**THE STUDENT,** edited by N. A. Calkins, New York, and furnished to subscribers at the rate of one dollar per year, is a monthly miscellany and school reader, devoted to the physical, moral, and intellectual improvement of youth.

## Newspapers.

A WRITER in the New England Chronicle, in 1723, thus observes: "Truly I have a great jealousy that if we once begin to sing by rule, the next thing will be to pray by rule, and preach by rule; and *then comes Popery.*"

The first newspaper published in Virginia was established in 1780. The subscription was fifty dollars a year. Price for advertising, ten dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each subsequent insertion. The paper was issued weekly.

Want of perspicuity in writing may lead to serious evils, of which a curious example is given by Quintilian. "A curious man ordered in his will that his heir should erect for him a statue holding a spear made of gold." A question of great consequence to the heir arose from the ambiguity of the expression; as it admitted of doubt whether the words "made of gold" were to be applied to the statue or to the spear.

Curran, the Irish advocate, possessed talents of the highest order. His wit, his drollery, his eloquence, and his pathos were irresistible, and the splendid daring style of his oratory inimitable; and yet, strange contrast! his personal appearance, like Paul's, was mean and diminutive.

A dog, having one day got into the house of commons, by his barking interrupted Lord North, who happened to be opening one of his budgets. His lordship pleasantly inquired by what new oppositionist he was attacked. A wag replied, "It was a member from *Bark-shire.*"

Tooke was the son of a poulterer, which he alluded to when called upon by the proud striplings of Eton to describe himself. "I am," said young Horne, "the son of an eminent Turkey merchant."

The first profile taken, as recorded, was that of Antigonus, who, having but one eye, had his likeness so taken, 330 B. C.

One of Stuart's first portraits, after his return in the "Collier," was of his mother, who had died some ten years before, when he was in his eleventh year. *It was painted from recollection*, and yet so striking was the likeness, his uncle from Philadelphia recognized it the moment he entered the room.

A very indifferent poet, having read to a friend what he deemed the choice parts of a pretty long poem, inquired which were the passages he most approved of. "Those which you have not yet read," replied the other.

"Washington Allston was gifted with a poetical and artistic genius," Coleridge once remarked to Campbell, "unsurpassed by any man of his age."

The longest beard recorded in history was that of John Mayo, painter to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man, it is said that his beard was of such a length that he could tread upon it. He was very vain of his beard, and usually fastened it with a ribbon to his button-hole; and sometimes he would entice it by the command of the Emperor, who took great delight in seeing the wind blow it in the face of his courtiers.

Regnier, King of Naples, was painting a partridge, when he was told that his kingdom was lost. He heard the fatal intelligence in silence, and finished his work before he permitted himself to lament his calamity.

"I do not approve of shades in painting," said Queen Elizabeth to Daniel Myers, "you must strike off my likeness without shadows." Her Majesty, when she spoke thus, was near sixty, and the "shadows," as she humanely called them, were wrinkles big enough to have laid a straw in them.

The son of Buffon one day surprised his father by the sight of a column, which he had raised to the memory of his father's eloquent genius. "It will do you honor," observed the Gallic sage. And when that son, in the revolution, was led to the guillotine, he ascended in silence, so impressed with his father's fame, that he only told the people, "I am the son of Buffon."

Cowley became a poet by accident: In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's Fairy Queen; and by a continual study of poetry, he became so enchanted of the muse that he grew irrevocably a poet.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on

the gentleman to retract what he said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

It is curious to observe that the manuscripts of Tasso, which are still preserved, are illegible from the vast number of their corrections. The pages of Pope's manuscript Homer are a specimen of his continual corrections and critical rasures.

The celebrated Madame Dacier never could fully satisfy herself in translating Homer; continually retouching the version, even in its happiest passages. There were several parts which she translated in six or seven ways; and she frequently noted in the margin—"I have not yet done it."

Pope published nothing till it had been a year or two before him, and even then the printer's proofs were very full of alterations; and, on one occasion, Dodsley, his publisher, thought it better to have the whole recomposed than make the necessary corrections.

Goldsmith considered four lines a day good work, and was seven years in beating out the pure gold of the Deserterd Village.

A lady, whose portrait Opie was painting, was mustering all her smiles to look charming, till at length the irritated artist could endure the constrained and affected features no longer. Starting up, and throwing down his brush, he exclaimed, in his broad style, "I tell ye what it is, ma'am, if ye grin so, I canna draw ye at all."

Blackwood's Magazine says that West painted more than three thousand pictures; and Dunlap says it was ascertained that to contain all West's pictures, a gallery would be necessary four hundred feet long, fifty broad, and forty high; or a wall ten feet high and three-quarters of a mile long.

Goldsmith was astonished when the bookseller gave him five shillings a couplet for his delightful poem of the Deserterd Village, when each line was fairly worth as many pounds; but an instance of liberality has occurred in Russia, which really deserves recording. Alexander Pselikin, a young poet, has recently produced a work, which does not contain above six hundred lines, and for which he has received three thousand roubles, nearly one pound sterling per line.

It is said that Butler, the celebrated author of Hudibras, was equally remarkable for poverty and pride. A friend of his one evening invited him to supper, and contrived to place in his pocket a purse containing one hundred guineas. This was found by the poet the following morning, and, feeling uneasy, he ascertained by whom it was given, and then returned it, expressing his warm displeasure at the insult which had been thus offered him.

When the young gentleman who styles himself the American Goethe was asked why he did not write something equal to Goethe's, he testily answered, "Because I haven't a *mind* to."

A solemn funeral honored the remains of Klopstock, led by the senate of Hamburg, with fifty thousand votaries, so penetrated by one universal sentiment, that this multitude preserved a mournful silence, and the interference of the police ceased to be necessary through the city at the solemn burial of the man of genius.

Dr. Watts, whose passion for the justly celebrated Mrs. Rowe, then Miss Singer, is well known, having called one winter mornning upon that lady, and perceiving that the fire and the conversation were getting dull, took up the poker, and putting it in the fire, said, "Allow me, madam, to raise a flame."

A poet asked a gentleman-what he thought of his last production, An Ode to Sleep. The latter replied, "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to repeat it without feeling its whole weight."

Wordsworth had no sense of smell. Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, and he said it was like a vision of paradise to him; but it lasted only a few moments, and the faculty continued torpid from that time.

The celebrated Rabelais is said to have made the following will: "I owe much. I possess nothing. I give the rest to the poor."

## Editor's Table.

OUR present number, as the reader will observe, is made up entirely of original articles. We were compelled to this course in consequence of the large amount of communications on hand; and even yet we fear that there will be those who will feel disappointed in not having seen their articles in type before this. We can not, however, publish more than forty pages monthly. Gladly would we yield every inch of space appropriately our own, were we able thus to accommodate our correspondents.

The writer of the "Letter from the East" discusses, with spirit, the subject of female rights, and some of the beneficial results of women's conventions. We do not deem any particular expression of opinion on our part necessary just here, though we have often thought, with the writer, that a variety of positions now occupied by young men, as clerks, book-keepers, and salesmen, could be just as well, if not better, filled by ladies. Outdoor employment would add greatly to the comfort and health of many who are now broken in body and in spirit by the simple habit of sitting or standing behind a counter, measuring tape or selling calico. Ladies would have better health as storekeepers than as needlewomen, and men would not suffer by holding on to the plow-handle rather than holding on to the scissors and the yard-stick. Jonathan, we fear your "Letter" will make some excitement among the brethren; and we warn you that if a tumult comes, you must fight your way through alone.

Our friend signing himself "A Traveling Preacher," has our sympathies. "Dull sermons I preach sometimes, perhaps frequently; and the people know it, and complain of it; but how am I to help the matter? I get scarcely enough to keep myself and family in health, and to dress decently—no, not quite that much: my coat is patched at both elbows, and my vest is thread-bare. Dull? yes, I am dull; but my dullness comes somewhat, I fear, because I have not a cent to buy a new book with, nor enough to keep my mind free from anxiety relative to the comfort of my family." Rather a hard case, brother; but trust in the Lord when you can not trust in man. You are laboring for one who dwells higher than the earth. If you find you can have nothing in your library but your Hymn-Book and your Bible, make the best of your lot. The apostles had not quite this much even. Their singing was without hymn-books, and their preaching was not from texts in the Bible. Should somebody of another Church, who believes in better salaries, begin to persecute you, and to talk about good preaching, and kindred topics, let not your wrath arise to accuse your membership of tight purses and close hearts, but rather say in a spirit of becoming humility, that God, even through the foolishness of preaching, converts men and forwards his work. Take courage. Hope helps us when every thing else fails. Get hold of a little of the precious article, and try if you can not see in the clouds of the future before you, one at least that has a lining of silver to it. We all have our vicissitudes, our "ups and downs" in this world, our forebodings, and our fears, and of all men most miserable would preachers be without the comforts that flow from heaven. Money-making is not their calling; and sometimes sadly do they learn the lesson that money for absolute necessities is hard getting, though thrice earned. An itinerant sometimes falls suddenly in health, or goes at a moment's warning to his long home in the grave. He leaves a timid, shrinking wife, two, three, or more helpless children, and the world—who is the world?—cares nothing for the one or the other. Pushed aside because they are helpless or destitute, they soon learn the bitter lessons of want. The husband and the father is not; yes, he lives with God; and if spirits could weep, many would be the tear-drops in heaven for suffering widows or orphans in this cold, cold world.

While on this theme, we can not refrain giving an extract from a letter from our esteemed friend E. H., describing the desolation of his heart after the loss of a dear and only daughter, two years and a half old. We have no apology to make for the space occupied with our friend's remarks relative to his little child, nor have we a particle of sympathy for the individual who can look upon a bereavement such as this with an indifferent spirit. As was once said before by us, so we say again, that we have seen the hour when we walked the damp fields at midnight, confessing to God that we were willing to be an outcast, a wanderer, a

beggar, any thing, would he but save the life of our dying child. Yes, we know the anguish of losing a child, and memory makes our heart bleed as it brings up the past. But the extract:

"'Little Carrie is dead!' The words fell on my ear and sunk in my heart like lead. I could not weep. My being seemed changed: life had changed; and though the sun shone from a cloudless sky, there was darkness all around and within me. I passed the threshold, and walked forward to see my own dear child, over whose head the third spring was beginning to dawn, and who had been the sole charm of our household. My poor, dear wife, Carrie's loved mother, how utterly had sorrow possessed her soul! She had wept till tears had ceased to flow. As I sat me down, taking the tiny, cold, white hand of Carrie in my own, memory began to start in review all the scenes of my gone life. What a review! I thought of the day when her little feet first began to walk; I thought of her first 'papa'; I thought of the bright blue eye, that peering up into my own spoke of a heart of love and tenderness to me. Then rising from my seat, I saw hanging near by her little white dress and her small red gloves, which she had never wore but once. I looked again: there was her little doll, newly dressed, and whose face I had a few days before touched over with my pencil. Tears fell, first one, two, three, then a flood; then throbbed my heart, and my voice was a voice of uncontrollable sobs. Once more I sat me down, and my heart was still, and I looked far away to the land where Carrie's happy spirit had fled. 'Dear,' said my wife, picking up the little plate and the little cup which Carrie had so often held out for me to fill, 'dear, put these away with the little chair and the little shoes; I can not bear them now.' 'Papa, papa come,' were words once more recalled by association; and I cried in agony as the conviction fell heavy on my soul, that never again in this world would the same small lips articulate these words. My Father in heaven, why bleeds even yet my heart? Why starting here and there upon me do sorrows seem to overwhelm my soul? Help me to look to thee. Help me to lift my wounded, bleeding heart to thee, who, when thou wert a suffering son of man, didst call to little children, saying, 'Suffer them to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Kingdom of heaven! yes, there, as I weep, my loved, once loving Carrie dwells.

'Her heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain;  
It has ceased to flutter and beat,  
It never will flutter again.'

No, 'never will flutter again!' Never again in this suffering world will thy dear little form know agony or pain; but in a better clime thy angel wings and spirit form will forever dwell. Be still, then, O my soul, and take to thyself those words of the infinite and all-merciful Father: 'What I do now thou knowest not, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

The reader may recollect an incident told by his biographer of Baron Cuvier, the great French naturalist. His wife died before she had reached middle life, leaving to his care an only daughter. The blow fell heavily on his heart. He seemed, for a long time, to have lost all interest in earthly matters around him. Gradually, however, his sorrow subsided. His daughter, Charlotte, grew to womanhood. At the age of eighteen disease attacked her, and death came once more to the family of Cuvier. His heart, almost bursting with grief, bowed again to the stroke of bereavement. Oftentimes, in the midst of his peers, he would suddenly yield to his feelings, and weep floods of bitter tears. Then, wiping his eyes and obtaining composure, he would exclaim, "I was a father once, but have lost all." Reader, have you lost a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, or a friend? Your heart may have bled then and may bleed even now; but till you lose a wife, a husband, an only child, you know not the depth of real grief.

Our engravings must speak for themselves. One of them is characteristic of spring, and the other is illustrative of a scene familiar to every New Testament reader.

Our thanks are due the superintendents of the Little Miami, Columbus and Cleveland railroads, for special favor conferred. Ministers are carried on these roads at half fare; those at least who live on the line, or at the terminations of the roads.



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VIEW OF THE RIVER AND VALLEY IN THE WINTER MONTHS

THE RIVER AND VALLEY  
IN THE WINTER MONTHS

W. H. B. 1840









# Little Ella.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

Music by FR. WAGNER, Steinbrecher.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a whole note E. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and represent a piano accompaniment. The middle staff is a treble clef, and the bottom staff is a bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat. The piano part begins with a whole note E and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat. It contains the lyrics "It was evening, and the sunlight Streaming". The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and represent a piano accompaniment. The middle staff is a treble clef, and the bottom staff is a bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat. It contains the lyrics "soft, and red, and fair, Fell up- on the waving ringlets Of sweet Ella's golden hair." The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and represent a piano accompaniment. The middle staff is a treble clef, and the bottom staff is a bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and represent a piano accompaniment. The middle staff is a treble clef, and the bottom staff is a bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

LITTLE ELLA. — *Continued.*

Ne'er shall I forget how lovely Seemed that face upturned to me, Beaming

This system contains the first three measures of the song. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is common time (C).

with the fullest impress Of a heav'nly purity.

This system contains measures 4 through 6. The vocal line continues with a half note C5, a quarter note B4, and a half note A4. The piano accompaniment features a half note D3, a half note C3, and a half note B2. The key signature remains Bb and the time signature is C.

Those bright

This system contains measures 7 through 9. The vocal line has a whole rest in measure 7, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3. The key signature is Bb and the time signature is C.

ringlets, full of beauty, Here on earth no more shall wave; sunbeams now are resting  
For the Where we

This system contains measures 10 through 12. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3. The key signature is Bb and the time signature is C.

# LITTLE ELLA. — *Concluded.*

made her quiet grave.

But I think of Ella roaming through those

gardens ever fair, Where the unfading light of heaven Gleams up- on her wavy hair.